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## INTO MARY'S BOSOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

[It was a mediæval superstition that women dying in child-bed did not go into purgatory, but were carried direct into the bosom of the Mother of God.]

MARY, mother of all mothers,  
First in love and pain, — on earth  
Having known, above all others,  
Mysteries of death and birth,  
Take, from travail sore released,  
One more mother to thy breast!

She, like thee, was pure and good,  
Happy-hearted, young and sweet;  
Given to prayer, of Dorcas mood,  
Open hand and active feet;  
Nought missed from her childless life  
In her full content as wife.

But God said — (though no one heard,  
Neither friend nor husband dear) —  
"Be it according to My word:  
Other lot awaits thee here:  
One more living soul must be  
Born into this world — for Me."

So, as glad as autumn leaf  
Hiding the small bud of spring,  
She, without one fear or grief,  
Her "Magnificat" did sing:  
And his wondrous ways adored,  
Like the handmaid of the Lord.

Nay, as neared her solemn day  
Which brought with it life or death,  
Still her heart kept light and gay,  
Still her eyes of earnest faith  
Smiled, with deeper peace possessed —  
"He will do what seems Him best."

And He did He led her, brave  
In her blindfold childlike trust,  
To the threshold of the grave —  
To His palace-gate. All just  
He must be, or could not, here,  
Thus so merciless appear.

He must see with larger eyes,  
He must love with deeper love: —  
We, half-loving, scarce half-wise,  
Clutch at those He doth remove;  
See no cause for — struggle long  
With our sharp mysterious wrong.

But for her, dear saint! gone up  
"Into Mary's bosom" straight,  
All the honey of her cup  
Yet unspilled — not left to wait  
Till her milky mother-breast  
Felt the sword-thrust, like the rest.

Eight sweet days she had, full stored  
With her new maternal bliss  
O'er her man-child from the Lord, —  
Then He took her. So, to this  
Melt her seven-and-twenty years; —  
Gone, like night when morn appears.

Let the February sun,  
Shining on the bursting buds,  
And the baby life begun,  
And the bird life in the woods, —  
On her grave still calmly shine,  
With a beauty all Divine.

Though we cannot trace God's ways,  
They to her may plain appear,  
And her voice that sang His praise  
May still sing it, loud and clear,  
O'er this silence of death-sleep, —  
Wondering at those who weep.

Thus, Our Father, one by one  
Into Thy bright house we go,  
With our work undone or done,  
With our footsteps swift or slow.  
Dark the door that doth divide, —  
But, O God, the other side.

— Good Words.

## UNDIPLOMATIC — VERY.

*The reflections of an ex-Diplomat of very old standing and very slow-going. Apropos of LORD STANLEY and the Luxemburg Conference.*

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,  
Oh, dear, what shall we do!  
Here's diplomacy blurring  
Straightforward out what is true.

Here's a Conference meeting,  
Doing what has to be done,  
Getting the business over,  
Ere we the work had begun.

Where's all the humming and ha-ing,  
Settling of bases and powers,  
All the pooh-pooh, and paw-pawing,  
We used to dwell on for hours?

Plenipos meet in a jiffy!  
Settle their case in a crack!  
Draw up their protocol, sign it —  
Hurry their messengers back.

Up in the House jumps young STANLEY,  
Blarts out things, just as they fall —  
Some people may think it manly,  
'Taint diplomatic at all!

Punch.

From the Quarterly Review.

*A Journey to Ashango-Land and further Penetration into Equatorial Africa.* By Paul B. Du Chaillu. London: 1867.

WHEN Mr. Du Chaillu published, in 1861, his 'Explorations in Equatorial Africa,' the book met, in several quarters, with an unfavourable, not to say hostile reception. Some of his critics went so far as to assert that the work was a fiction, and that the author had not travelled in the interior of Africa at all. It is not necessary to confute insinuations which nobody now pretends to believe; but we do not deny that the volume was open to adverse criticism, and that the narrative involved contradictions which it was difficult to explain. There was a confusion of dates, and also a confusion of journeys, which made it difficult to explain some points of the narrative, and certainly the most was made of these discrepancies and mistakes. We who had examined Mr. Du Chaillu's original journals never doubted for a moment the main truth of his narrative, although we saw that, owing to the manipulation of a literary hand in preparing his book in America, his published work mixed together separate journeys, and betrayed a strangely involved chronology. It was on these grounds that the maps drawn up by Dr. Barth and Dr. Petermann in 1862 moved all the positions of the places he had visited much nearer the coast than he had fixed them, so as to reduce greatly the length of his routes. We all know how the accounts of the gorilla were discredited by those who had never an opportunity of witnessing the animal's habits, as only one or two stuffed specimens had reached the museums of Europe. Some writers asserted that Mr. Du Chaillu had never seen the animal alive, and that the specimens he brought or sent to England had been purchased by him from natives on the coast. Several naturalists declared that the habits he ascribed to the strange brute — such as that of beating its breast violently when enraged — were contrary to all experience of the ape tribe, and incredible. Mr. Du Chaillu was the first to make known to geographers the existence of the Fans, a cannibal tribe, who in recent times, have rapidly made their way from the interior, urged by the thirst for trade and European commodities, and have now actually reached the coast. But their very existence was denied; and the statement that some of the native African harps had strings made of vegetable fibre was declared to be false.

Under such imputations Mr. Du Chaillu was unwilling to rest, and he resolved to confute his opponents by the logic of facts, that is, by undertaking another journey into the interior of Africa and furnishing himself with materials to prove conclusively the substantial truth of his former narrative. It is impossible not to admire the courage and enterprise he has shown, and we think also that he deserves the highest credit for the forgiving and generous tone in which he speaks of his assailants. He says in his Preface to the new work which we propose to review, —

'Although hurt to the quick by these unfair and ungenerous criticisms I cherished no malice towards my detractors, for I knew the time would come when the truth of all that was essential in the statements which had been disputed would be made clear; I was consoled besides by the support of many eminent men, who refused to believe that my narrative and observations were deliberate falsehoods. Making no pretensions to infallibility, any more than other travellers, I was ready to acknowledge any mistake that I might have fallen into, in the course of compiling my book from my rough notes. The only revenge I cherished was that of better preparing myself for another journey into the same region, providing myself with instruments and apparatus which I did not possess on my first exploration, and thus being enabled to vindicate my former account by facts not to be controverted.'

The result, as regards the establishment of Mr. Du Chaillu's character for veracity, has been most satisfactory; and we set so high a value on the character of every man who labours to enlighten the world, as to deem this one gain not dearly purchased by the heavy losses and bitter disappointments in which Mr. Du Chaillu's second expedition has ended.

Meanwhile Dr. Petermann had made the *amende honorable* with regard to the position of the places which Mr. Du Chaillu had formerly visited; for, in 1862, a French Government expedition, under Messrs. Serval and Griffon Du Bellay, explored the Ogobai River, and not only proved the truth of the traveller's general account of it, but showed that the Ashira Country was not far from the longitude which he had assigned to it.\* Dr. Petermann, on receiving the French map, reconstructed his own as Mr. Du Chaillu had originally laid

\* In an article on *Le Gabon* in 'Le Tour du Monde' (1865), p. 278, Dr. Griffon Du Bellay says of Mr. Du Chaillu, 'Ce que je puis affirmer, c'est que son livre contient beaucoup de détails d'une parfaite exactitude, et plus d'une peinture de mœurs réellement prises sur le vif.'

it down. As to the Fans, Captain Burton confirmed his statement, after having actually travelled amongst them; and the French officers proclaim that their cannibal appetites are only too well authenticated, adding the fact of their recent apparition and migration towards the sea-coast. In his second expedition, Mr. Du Chaillu was not only able to observe the gorilla in the woods, but he obtained several fine specimens from the natives, and one of them he shipped for England alive, but unfortunately it died on the passage. He sent to England harps with vegetable strings, and they of course speak for themselves. In his former travels he had described a new kind of otter-like animal to which the name of *Potamogale velox* was given; and he brought home with him its skin, which was all that he was then able to procure. It was asserted that the animal which owned the skin did not belong to the order under which otters are classed, and was a rodent; but Mr. Du Chaillu was fortunate enough to have his conjecture entirely established by the Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh: moreover he obtained in his late journey several specimens of the *Potamogale*, and they entirely confirm his opinion. He has answered the doubts and insinuations which were so unscrupulously thrown upon his claims as a discoverer in Natural History, by adding to the Fauna of Africa at least eighty new species. But the best vindication of all is the series of carefully-made solar and lunar observations—amounting to several hundreds—which he has brought home, and committed to the officers of Greenwich Observatory, by whom they have been reduced and tested with the most satisfactory results; so that the principal points of his journey are now laid down on the map with unerring accuracy. Here is enough, and more than enough, to justify the countenance and encouragement which Mr. Du Chaillu received at first from such a geographer as Murchison, and such a naturalist as Owen. As in all similar cases, the stones wantonly, if not maliciously, thrown at an unknown man, have helped to raise the pedestal of his subsequent fame; and were Mr. Du Chaillu less generous than he is, he could afford to forgive the detractors who have goaded him to new efforts, and made him as accurate as he was already earnest in his work.

These feelings may be traced in Mr. Du Chaillu's statement of his objects in this second journey:—

'I had also a strong desire to fix with scien-

tific accuracy the geographical position of the places I had already discovered, and to vindicate by fresh observations, and the acquisition of further specimens, the truth of the remarks I had published on the ethnology and natural history of the country. Beyond this there was the vague hope of being able to reach in the far interior some unknown western tributary of the Nile, and to descend by it to the great river, and thence to the Mediterranean.'

He took great pains to qualify himself for the successful prosecution of his task. Owing to the absence of all scientific instruments on his former journey, he had laid down the positions of places by compass bearings only, and this made it the more difficult to defend himself against attacks on his accuracy. But he now prepared himself by going through a course of instruction in the use of instruments, and the mode of taking astronomical observations. He also took lessons in the art of photography, providing himself with an ample store of materials in order to bring back faithful sun-pictures of the scenery, natives, and animals of the unknown regions he intended to explore—all of which, as we shall see in the sequel, were unfortunately lost.

He freighted a small schooner called the *Mentor*, and sailed in her from England for the coast of Africa on the 6th of August, 1863. He reached the mouth of the Fernand Vaz River on the 10th of October, and it is interesting to see how warmly he was welcomed by the African Chiefs whom he had formerly known. One of them who came on board hugged him in his greasy arms and exclaimed—

'Are you Chaillie, or are you his spirit? Have you come from the dead? Tell me quick, for I don't know whether I am to believe my own eyes; perhaps I am getting a fool.'

But now came the first of a series of misfortunes which Mr. Du Chaillu had to endure, and which brought his expedition at last to a disastrous end. One of the causes which have shut out explorers from this part of the African coast is the want of harbours, and the savage surf that fringes the shore. The whole breadth of the mouth of the river was one uninterrupted line of breakers, through which it was necessary to land the cargo in native boats. In one of them he placed all his scientific instruments and many other valuable articles, and, accompanied by the Captain, embarked himself in the canoe, which was soon swamped by the waves. It was with some difficulty that their lives were saved by the negroes, who,



as Mr. Du Chaillu says, 'swam under me and buoyed me up with their own bodies.' But all the astronomical instruments were spoilt by the salt-water, and with them went the power of effecting the principal object of the journey. We can hardly imagine a more bitter disappointment than this. However, there was no help for it, and all that he could do was to send to England for a second set of instruments, and to wait patiently until it arrived.

The region which Mr. Du Chaillu was about to explore lies between the first and second degrees of south latitude, and he intended to proceed eastward across the continent in almost a straight line from the coast. He says:—

'Equatorial Africa from the western coast, as far as I have been, is covered with an almost impenetrable jungle. The jungle begins where the sea ceases to beat its continual waves, and how much further this woody belt extends further explorations alone will be able to show. From my furthest point it extended eastward as far as my eyes could reach. I may say, however, that near the banks of a large river running from a north-east direction towards the south-west prairie lands were to be seen according to the accounts the Ashangos had received.'

The difficulties which beset the traveller who tries to penetrate into the interior are almost insuperable. Independently of the harbourless and surf-bound coast, the deadly climate, and the hostility of savage tribes, there is the supposed necessity of carrying an immense quantity of presents to propitiate the different African chiefs. A white man must literally buy his way with goods as he proceeds, and he becomes, of course, poorer as he advances, so that it seems as if he must at last necessarily stop when he is farthest from the coast, and when it is most essential to satisfy the rapacity of the natives. Perhaps the most prudent course would be not to carry presents at all, as they only excite the cupidity of the negroes. And Mr. Du Chaillu was kindly treated by the natives on his return when he had lost everything. For the transport of goods there are no beasts of burden; neither horses nor camels nor asses nor oxen. The only domesticated animals are goats and fowls, and the only carriers of loads are the blacks themselves. They use for this purpose long narrow baskets called *otaitais*, which rest on the back, and are secured to the head and arm of the bearer by straps made of strong plaited rushes. Mr. Du Chaillu's baggage required at starting not fewer than a hundred porters,

and infinite was the trouble and difficulty he had with the various relays which succeeded each other in his march. But he was fortunate in his body-guard of ten negroes, of the Commi tribe on the coast, who behaved admirably throughout, and to whom his return in safety was entirely owing. He says:—

'I chose for my body-guard ten faithful negroes, some of whom had accompanied me on my former journey. It was on these men that my own safety among the savage and unfriendly tribes we might expect to meet with in the far interior depended. I knew I could thoroughly rely upon them, and that come what might they would never hurt a hair of my head.'

While waiting for the arrival of fresh instruments from England, Mr. Du Chaillu made several excursions in the neighbourhood of the coast. The most important of these were to the wooded country which lies to the south-east of Cape St. Catherine, and which he believes is 'the head-quarters of the gorilla or the district in which he exists in the greatest number, but where he is wildest and most difficult to get near.' Here suddenly one morning he came upon a party of four of these brutes.

'They were all busily engaged in tearing down the larger trees. One of the females had a young one following her. I had an excellent opportunity of watching the movements of the impish-looking band. The shaggy hides, the protuberant abdomens, the hideous features of these strange creatures whose forms so nearly resemble man made up a picture like a vision in some morbid dream. In destroying a tree they first grasped the base of the stem with one of their feet, and then with their powerful arms pulled it down, a matter of not much difficulty with so loosely formed a stem as that of the plantain. They then set upon the juicy heart of the tree at the bases of the leaves and devoured it with great voracity. While eating they made a kind of clucking noise expressive of contentment.'

Shortly afterwards, when Mr. Du Chaillu had returned to the mouth of the Fernand Vaz River, three live gorillas were captured by the natives and brought to him. One of these was a large full-grown female, another her baby, the third a vigorous young male. The first two soon died, for the mother had been severely wounded, and her young one only survived her three days. But the male gorilla was christened Tom, and sent on board ship, consigned to Messrs. Baring in London. He died, however, on the passage, most probably of a

broken heart, for the species seems to be untameable, and captivity fills them with uncontrollable rage. At a later period of his journey Mr. Du Chaillu came suddenly in the forest upon a whole group of gorillas disporting themselves amongst the trees, but he did not happen to have his rifle in his hand, and they escaped unharmed. Before quitting the subject, we may mention that he is now of opinion that gorillas and not chimpanzees, as he was formerly inclined to think, were the animals seen and captured by the Carthaginians under Hanno, as related in the 'Periplus.' 'Even the name "gorilla," given to the animal in the "Periplus," is not very greatly different from its native name at the present day, "ngina" or "ngilla," especially in the indistinct way in which it is sometimes pronounced.' In one of his preliminary excursions he discovered and caught two specimens of a new species of animal called the Ipi or scaly Ant-eater, belonging to the pangolin genus (*Manis* of Zoologists), which lives in burrows in the earth, or sometimes in the large hollows of colossal trunks of trees that have fallen on the ground. One of their skeletons is now in the collection of the British Museum.\*

At last, in September, 1864, Mr. Du Chaillu had received his new supply of instruments from England, and at the end of that month he started on his exploration into the interior. It will give some idea of the difficulty he had to encounter in the transport of his goods, when we mention that he had no less than forty-seven large chests filled with them, besides ten boxes containing his photographic apparatus and chemicals, and fifty voluminous bundles of miscellaneous articles: in fact, a load for a hundred men. He dressed his body-guard of ten Commi negroes in thick canvas trousers, blue woollen shirts, and worsted caps, and each man had a blanket to keep him warm at night.

He had, however, been nearly prevented from setting out on his expedition at all. During his absence in Europe, the chiefs of

the clans on the coast had met and passed a law that no Mpongwé (the trading tribe of the Gaboon), or white man, should be allowed to ascend the river Fernand Vaz or the Ogobai.

'It is the universal rule amongst the coast tribes of West Africa to prevent, if possible, all strangers from penetrating into the interior, even if it be only to the next tribe, through fear that they should lose the exclusive privilege of trading with these tribes. Indeed, every tribe tries to prevent all strangers from communicating with the tribe next in advance of them.'

It was necessary to get this law repealed, and in November, 1863, a grand palaver was held on the subject in the village where Mr. Du Chaillu was staying. One of the most important chiefs, called Olenga-Yombi, a notorious drunkard, who presided at the meeting, had been propitiated by the present of a very long blue coat, the tails of which dangled about his ankles when he walked, and a light yellow waistcoat with gilt buttons. The debate took place in the Council-house of the village, a large open shed, where chairs were placed for the principal speakers. The result was that Mr. Du Chaillu was made free of the river, while the Mpongwé trader was still rigorously excluded. The speakers argued that the white man did not go into the interior to trade, but to shoot animals and bring away the skins and bones. 'Truly,' they said, 'we do not know what Chaillie has in his stomach to want such things, but we must let him go.'

In the beginning of October, 1864, Mr. Du Chaillu started on his journey. He first proceeded in two canoes up the Fernand Vaz river, and then up the Rembo and Ovenga rivers as far as the village of Obindji, where his overland route was to commence. Here the porters assembled who had been sent from the Ashira country by King Olenda to carry the baggage; but instead of a hundred porters, which was the least number required, there were only fifty. He was therefore obliged to send only half of the loads forward, and to wait for the return of the men to carry the other half. A friendly old chief, named Quengueza, who accompanied him from the coast, addressed the body-guard of Commi negroes before leaving Obindji, and gave them some excellent advice. He told them to look up to 'Chaillie' as their chief, and obey him. He warned them not to touch plantains or ground nuts lying on the road, or in the street of a village, for this showed that it

\* The skeleton of another animal, very similar to the Ipi of Mr. Du Chaillu, was brought afterwards to England, and was said to have been found in the neighbourhood of the river Niger. It was described by Dr. Gray in the 'Proceedings of the Zoological Society,' April, 1865, under the name of *Pholidotus Africanus*. Mr. Du Chaillu says 'The specimen of *Pholidotus Africanus*, on which the describer of the species founds his measurement, and the skull of which he figured, I have ascertained, by my own examination in the British Museum, is not the one said to be received from the Niger, but the specimen which I sent. The Niger specimen is very much smaller. I mention this, because Dr. Gray, doubtless through inadvertency, has omitted to mention my name at all in connection with the species.'

was a 'tricky village,' and the temptation was inteded as a trap.

'When a house is given to you in any village keep to that house and go into no other: and if you see a seat do not sit upon it, for these are seats which none but the owners can sit upon. But above all beware of the women!'

After marching across a wild, hilly, and wooded country, the party emerged on the undulating grass land of Ashira, which Mr. Du Chaillu has described in his former volume, and arrived at the village of Olenda on the 19th of November. Here he determined to try and visit the Falls of Samba Nagoshi, which are in the Ngouyai river, north of Olenda, and which he had in vain attempted to reach on his previous journey. His route lay parallel to the Ovigui river, which flows into the Ngouyai, and after two or three days' march through forest and swamp, he embarked in a leaky rotten canoe, not far from the point of confluence of the two rivers. The Ngouyai is a fine large river flowing northwards, which Mr. Du Chaillu discovered on his former journey, and when he now entered it he was, he says, up to this time the only white man who had ever embarked on its waters.

'The Ovigui, at its junction with the Ngouyai, is about thirty-five yards broad, and is at this time of the year (the rainy season) a deep stream. The banks are clothed with uninterrupted forest, leaving only little entrances here and there at the ports of the villages which lie backwards from the river. Silence and monotony reign over the landscape, unenlivened by the flight and song of birds or the movement of animals.'

On approaching the rapids below the falls, the party left the canoe, and scrambled along the bank. A rocky island in the middle of the river breaks the rush of the water into two unequal parts, and the height of the cataract is only about fifteen feet. Mr. Du Chaillu says:—

'The sight was wild, grand, and beautiful; but it did not quite impress me with the awe that the rapids below inspired. We see here the river Ngouyai after flowing through the Apingi Valley in the interior, and receiving the waters of the Ovigui and many other streams, bursting through the barrier of the hilly range which separates the interior of Africa from the coast land. The high ridges which have been broken through by the river rise on each side, covered with varied forest, and the shattered fragments encumber the bed of the stream for miles.'

On his return to Olenda, Mr. Du Chaillu found trouble awaiting him. One of the

chiefs of the Apingi tribe, whose villages lay in the line of his intended route, had died during his absence, and the cry arose that the stranger was the cause of his death through witchcraft. The result was that, after a grand palaver it was decided that Mr. Du Chaillu should pass through the Otando country, which lies to the south of the Apingi, and a message was sent to the Otando chief appraising him of the proposed visit, and requesting him to send a party of men to Olenda to assist in carrying the baggage. In the meantime, however, a terrible calamity occurred. The small-pox broke out with fearful violence among the people of Olenda, and they declared that the white man was an evil spirit, who had brought the plague, or *eviva*, as they called it amongst them. Old King Quengueza stood gallantly by his friend, and asked them whether he, the king, who held the passage of the Rembo river, had come with his white man into the bush amongst these pigs of Ashira to be cursed? He was urged by Mr. Du Chaillu to return to his own country, but he refused to leave him in the hour of difficulty and danger, saying, 'Chaillie, I cannot go back. I came to see you through this country, and I should feel shame to leave you in your troubles. What would the Commi people say? They would laugh at me, and say Quengueza had no power to help Chaillie on his way. No, I shall not leave you!' At last, however, Mr. Du Chaillu persuaded him to go, and he was left alone with his little band of Commi negroes. They were soon attacked by the disease, which spread like a destroying angel through the villages, and at last King Olenda himself sickened and died. Famine followed in its train, and the natives cursed the traveller as the author of their misfortunes.

'The once cheerful prairie of Ashira,' he says, 'had now become a gloomy valley of the dead; each village was a charnel house—wherever I walked the most heartrending sights met my view. The poor victims of the loathsome disease in all its worst stages lay about in sheds and huts; there were hideous sores filled with maggots, and swarms of carrion flies buzzed about the living but putrid carcasses. The stench in the neighbourhood of the huts was insupportable. Some of the sick were raving and others, emaciated, with sunken eyes, victims of hunger as well as of disease. Many wretched creatures from other villages were abandoned to die in the bush.'

And yet the poor negroes behaved with a kindness which might have been looked for in vain amongst a more civilized people.

'And now,' says Mr. Du Chaillu, 'I was indeed alone, with no one to help me. I had to fetch water, to search for firewood, and to cook for myself, as well as for all my poor stricken followers. The villagers exerted themselves to procure food for me. Those who were now well enough crept towards the plantation to get plantains for me; and even the invalids, men and women, sent me offerings of food, saying, "We do not want our stranger to be hungry."

At last, after many months of heart-sickening delay, he was able to leave Ashira-land and march forward to Otando. He had to traverse a dense primeval forest, which bounds the eastern side of the prairie, and clothes the hills and valleys of the mountain-ridges, which extend in a north and south direction between the Ashira and Otando territories. One characteristic of this gloomy region is the great scarcity of animal life. 'Scarcely once,' he says, 'did we hear the voice of birds, and at night, as we lay round the fires of the bivouac, all was still as death in the black shades of the forest.' He was plundered by his black porters, and some of them ran away after robbing him of the contents of the boxes they carried. Amongst the missing articles was his photographic apparatus, which was never recovered. At times the party was reduced to extremity for food, and this gave an opportunity for the display of a touching trait of the African character. Greedy and rapacious and thieving as he is, the Negro of the Equator seems to be naturally humane and kind. On one occasion, when they were starving, his porters succeeded in killing two monkeys. Instead of devouring the food themselves they brought it to Mr. Du Chaillu, and gave up the whole of it to him. And when he told them that they were entitled to it, they insisted upon giving him the largest share, and then divided the residue amongst themselves. Here, by the way, we may mention that Mr. Du Chaillu speaks in raptures of roast monkey as an article of food. Of course it would be deemed excellent by a starving man; but his opinion was formed at a time when he had abundance to eat. He says that in the month of March, April, and May, the flesh of monkeys is exquisite. 'I know of no game better or more refreshing; the joints must be either roasted or grilled to bring out the flavour of the meat to perfection.'

The principal village of Otando is called Máyolo, situated in an open tract of undulating grass-land, diversified by groups of trees and patches of forest. Here is a description of the scene:—

'A wide stretch of undulating country lay open before us, the foreground of which was formed by prairie, the rest appearing as a continuous expanse of forest, with long wooded ridges in the distance one behind the other, the last and highest fading into blue mist in the far distance. From the margins of the forest the land gradually sloped, and signs of population were apparent in sheds and patches of plantation.'

Mr. Du Chaillu stayed about two months at Máyolo, and his arrival was followed by the fatal small-pox. The chief's favourite wife and one of his nephews were taken ill, and, as usual, the sickness was attributed to witchcraft. Suspicion fell upon three of the chief's nephews, and they were compelled to go through the poison ordeal, which is an exact counterpart of the ordeal of the middle ages in Europe. A bowl of vegetable poison was prepared, out of which each of the victims had to drink in the presence of the assembled population, who were armed with knives and axes and spears to hack to pieces the bodies of any of the three who should sink under the ordeal. But they all escaped with their lives. They drank the poison, and yet were able to resist its effects. 'The struggle was a severe one; the eyes of the young men became bloodshot, their limbs trembled convulsively, and every muscle in their bodies was visibly working under the potent irritation.' An analysis made of the roots of the plants shows, according to Mr. Du Chaillu, that it is 'a most violent poison.' But we can hardly understand how it so often fails, for the 'doctor' who had been consulted as to the bewitchment of the village afterwards himself drank an enormous quantity of the poison, which passed off with no other effect than that of intoxicating him. Strychnine, or arsenic, or prussic acid, would have been a very different affair. Although Mr. Du Chaillu does not seem to have tasted this poison himself, he unconsciously swallowed homœopathic doses of another kind; for, as the time approached for his departure from Máyolo, he each day received delicate attentions from the chief in the shape of eatables sent from his hut; and he then found out that it was an African custom to mix in dishes given to a guest powder from the skull of a deceased ancestor, with a view to soften his heart and dispose him to be generous in the matter of parting gifts.

Little or nothing of interest occurred during his stay in Otando land. He amused the people with pictures in the 'Illustrated London News' and 'Punch.' "Punch,"

the traveller's friend, excited their wonder greatly. They all exclaimed, "What a fine cap he wears!" and asked me if I had any like it. They were quite disappointed when I told them I had not. But a musical box set down on a stool in the village-street and playing by itself fairly frightened them, as they thought that a devil was inside the box; and they were still more astonished when they received some shocks from a galvanic battery. But they seemed to have a dim notion of the cause, for they cried out 'Eninda!' which is the name of a species of electric fish found in the neighboring streams. Their wonder, however, passed all bounds when a large magnet was brought out, and they saw knives and swords sticking to it. The idea of the traveller's wealth overpowered them, and the chief of the village declared that, if he was not a king, he must be next to a king in his own country. Some of the greatest pests in this part of Africa are the ants. There are ants that build hives or houses on the ground shaped like gigantic mushrooms, and scattered by tens of thousands over the Otando prairie. There are tree-ants, that make their nests between the ribs of the trunks of trees, and others of a much larger size, of a light yellow colour, which rear what may be called huts in the forest, upwards of four feet high. But the most troublesome seem to be the Bashikouay ants, whose bite, although not venomous, is extremely painful, and they travel in swarming myriads along the ground. Mr. Du Chailly says, 'There can be no doubt that if a man were firmly tied to a bed so that he could not escape, he would be entirely eaten up by these ants in a short space of time.' Once they got possession of his room and drove him out of it, until he was able to stop the advance of the invading host by kindling a fire outside the house on their line of march, and destroying them by thousands. He says:—

'The armies of the Bashikouays seem for ever on the march, clearing the ground of every fragment of animal substance, dead or alive, which they can obtain or overpower; and so furious are their onslaughts on the person of any one who steps near their armies that it is difficult or impossible to trace the columns to their nests, if, indeed, they have any.'

Leaving Mâyolo at the end of May he proceeded eastward towards Apono land. He had to cross a high hill, part of an elevated ridge, from the summit of which were seen in the distance the still higher ranges of mountains, amongst which dwell the Ishogo, the Ashango, and other tribes, and

the sides were covered with the same eternal forest. He was now on wholly new ground, and was the first white man who had been seen in that part of Africa. The people when they caught sight of him and his party began to fly. The women snatched up their infants and cried out as they ran away, 'The Oguizi! (spirit) the Oguizi! He has come, and we shall die.' They associated his arrival with the scourge of small-pox which had already swept over that part of the country. He crossed the Upper Ngouyai river on a large flat-bottomed canoe which carried the party and baggage over in seven trips. The Ngouyai here is a fine stream, nearly as wide as the Thames at London Bridge, and from ten to fifteen feet deep. It flows from the S.S.W. He was now in the Apono country, part of which is occupied by isolated portions of the Ishogo tribe—and he found the people terrified at his approach, and most unwilling to allow him to proceed, as the report that he brought the *eviva* or plague along with him had been spread far into the interior. He reached, however, a large village called Mokaba, where he met with a more friendly reception, and was only annoyed by the excessive curiosity of the inhabitants. He says,

'The place swarms with people, and I have been haunted at my encampment by numbers of sight-seers. The way they come upon me is sometimes quite startling; they sidle up behind trees, or crawl up amongst the long grass until they are near enough, and then, from behind the tree-trunks or above the herbage, a number of soot-black faces suddenly bob out, staring at me with eyes and mouth wide open. The least thing I do elicits shouts of wonder; but if I look directly at them, they take to their legs, and run as if for their lives.'

The Aponos are distinguished by their sprightliness of character, and are clean and well-looking.

'Their villages are larger, better arranged, and prettier than those of the Otando and Ashira Ngozai. Each house is built separate from its neighbours, and they attend to cleanliness in their domestic arrangements. Their country is an undulating plain, varied with open grassy places, covered with a pebbly soil and rich and extensive patches of woodland, well adapted for agriculture, in which they make their plantations.'

Iron ore exists in considerable quantity in their prairies, and they melt it in little thick earthenware pots, using charcoal to temper the metal. But the tribes situated



further to the east are the most expert workers in iron, and all the anvils which Mr. Du Chaillu saw in Apono land came from them. Like the Ashiras they are dexterous weavers of grass cloth, which forms their clothing. We have seen some of the Ashira mats, and in neatness of pattern and finish of workmanship, they are equal to anything of the kind manufactured in Europe. Mr. Du Chaillu calls them a 'merry people,' that is, they make a regular practice of getting drunk every day as long as they can procure palm wine. They hang calabashes to the trees, and climb them in the morning to drink deep draughts of their favourite beverage. It was the height of the drunken season when he was at Mokaba, and dancing, tam-tamming, and wild uproar, with as much quarrelling as goes on at an Irish fair, were kept up by day and night.

From Mokaba the route lay a little to the north of east. The ground began to rise, and Mr. Du Chaillu entered on a richly-wooded hilly country in which were numerous plantations and villages of slaves belonging to the head men of Mokaba. He was now amongst the Ishogos, a fine tribe of strong well-made negroes, differing in many respects from those he had hitherto met. Both sexes ornament themselves by rubbing their bodies with red powder, but the most curious part of a woman's toilette is her *chignon*, the shapes and sizes of which might excite the envy of an European *belle*. It is much more magnificent, and hardly more ugly than the bunches with which English ladies at the present day disfigure their heads. There are three pictures in Mr. Du Chaillu's book of the Ishogo fashions in this respect, and we are not sure that they may not be adopted before long amongst ourselves. One may be called the *chignon* horizontal, the other the *chignon* oblique, and the third the *chignon* vertical. Chronologically, it would appear that the African had the start of the Parisian *belle*, and that the invention is due to our black sisters.

We are so apt to associate with the idea of Africa sand and desert and jungle, that it is difficult to realize to the mind's eye the beauty of much of the scenery, and we are hardly prepared for such a description as that which Mr. Du Chaillu gives of the village of Mokenga, where he stayed for a short time during his journey through the country of the Ishogos:—

'The village was surrounded by a dense grove of plaintain-trees, many of which had to

be supported by poles, on account of the weight of the enormous branches of plaintains they bore. Little groves of lime-trees were scattered everywhere, and the limes, like so much golden fruit, looked beautiful amidst the dark foliage that surrounded them. Tall, towering palm-trees were scattered here and there. Above and behind this village was the dark green forest. . . . The spring from which the villagers draw their water is situated in a most charming spot. A rill of water, clear and cold, leaps from the lower part of a precipitous hill, with a fall of about nine feet into a crystal basin, whence a rivulet brawls down towards the lower land through luxuriant woodlands. The hill itself and the neighbourhood of the spring are clothed with forest, as, in fact, is the whole country, and the path leads under shade to the cool fountain. I used to go there in the morning whilst I was at the village, to take a douche bath. In such places the vegetation of the tropics always shows itself to the best advantage; favoured by the moisture, the glossy and elegant foliage of many strange trees and plants assumes its full development, whilst graceful creepers hang from the branches, and ferns and lilaceous plants grow luxuriantly about the moist margins of the spring.'

A stream called the Odiganga, one of the tributaries of the Ngouyai River, divides the Ishogo from the Ashango territory. When Mr. Du Chaillu crossed it, his Ishogo porters mutinied and laid down their loads, declaring that if he did not give them more beads they would return to their homes. He, however, told his Commi men to arm, and they stepped forward and levelled their guns at the heads of the Ishogos, who immediately gave in, holding out their hands and begging to be forgiven. It was a little attempt at extortion, the failure of which did not in the least disconcert them, for 'in a short time they had again taken up their loads, and we marched off at a quick pace; the porters becoming quite cheerful, laughing and chattering as they trudged along.' It is curious to notice the contempt which the negroes of the coast feel for the negroes of the interior. They were constantly tempted to insult them, and no arguments could induce them to believe that the Commi tribe were the same race as the Ashangos. 'How is it possible,' they said, 'that Chaillie can think us to be of the same blood as these slaves?'

In most of the Ashango villages the people were very anxious to get gunpowder, and the porters wished to be paid partly in that article. They were asked why they wanted powder, as they had no guns, and were even afraid of handling one. They replied that a tribe called Ashangui, to the east, bought gun-powder and gave them iron for it, that



there was a good deal of iron there, and that all their swords, spears, and arrow-heads were made of iron bought from that country. The iron sold by the traders on the West Coast does not reach so far inland as Ashango.

At Niembouai, one of the principal Ashango villages, there was a grand palaver whether the white man should be allowed to proceed, but the question was carried unanimously in the affirmative. While waiting there Mr. Du Chaillu took the opportunity of visiting the settlement of the Obongos, one of whose villages was in the neighbourhood. These are a curious race of dwarf negroes covered with tufts of hair on their bodies. They seem to be as distinct from the surrounding population as gipsies are amongst ourselves, and to be almost as low in the scale of humanity as the tree Dyaks of Borneo. They neither plant nor sow, but are expert trappers and fishermen, and feed on roots, berries, and nuts which they find in the forest, while they sell the game they catch to the settled inhabitants. The Ashangos despise them, but treat them with kindness, and often give their old worn grass-cloths to the Obongos. Their huts are filthily dirty, swarming with fleas, so that it was impossible to stay in them. They fled at the approach of the strangers, and in the course of several visits Mr. Du Chaillu could only succeed in finding 'at home' five or six women and a youth, whom he took the trouble to measure, and found their average height to be about four feet eight inches:—

'One of the women,' he says, 'in the course of a short time, lost all her shyness, and began to ridicule the men for having run from us. She said they were as timid as the *nchende* (squirrel), who cried "que que," and in squeaking she twisted her little body into odd contortions, with such droll effect that we all laughed. When I brought out my tape to measure her, her fears returned; thinking perhaps that it was a kind of snake I was uncoiling out of its case, she trembled all over. I told her I was not going to kill her, but it required another present to quiet her again. I accomplished my task at last.'

After leaving Niembouai, the Ashango porters repeated the experiment which had been formerly tried by the Ishogos. They laid down their loads and demanded more pay. Again the Commi negroes took up their guns and pointed them at the heads of the offenders, who instantly yielded, and said laughing, 'Let us stop awhile and have a smoke. Do you think we would leave

you in the woods? People may be left in a village, but not in the forest.' The Ashangos seem to be more civilised than the other tribes nearer the coast. One proof of this is the extent of their dress, which is made of the palm-leaves of the country. Even the children do not go naked, and the robes of the chiefs are of unusually large size, worn gracefully on their bodies. All of the inhabitants, both male and female, shave off their eyebrows and pluck out their eyelashes, and, like the Ishogos, smear themselves with a red powder. They are not drunkards like the Aponos, though palm-trees are abundant in the country, and they drink the palm wine but in moderation. Mr. Du Chaillu was now on his way to the territory of the Njavi tribe, who live to the east of Ashango land, and as he approached the village of Mobana through the forest he was again robbed by his porters, three of whom ran away with their loads. The boxes, however, were recovered, with the articles they contained, *minus* the contents of some medicine bottles, which, amongst other things, held arsenic; and there was afterwards a report that some of the natives had died mysteriously after touching the white man's goods. Next day two more boxes were stolen in Mobana, and the chief was summoned, and he and his people were accused of the theft. Many were the palavers, and in vain were the detectives set to work. A novel kind of 'distress' was proposed by the natives to recover the goods, for they said that if they only knew the village to which the things had been taken, they would go and seize some of their women!

Mobana is situated on the top of a high hill, and the land slopes down gradually towards the East. Here Mr. Du Chaillu heard again of a large river flowing further to the eastward, which he supposes to be the Congo; but, as we shall see, he was unable to reach it, for an unexpected disaster awaited him, which brought his expedition to an untimely end. The same kind of country through which he had already travelled seemed to extend onwards to the east: hilly ranges, clothed with forest and interspersed with open prairies, in which lie the villages of the negroes. At last, on the 21st of July, he reached the village of Mouaou Kombo, which was fated to be the limit of his journey. The natives became more and more unwilling to allow him to proceed, and a deputation from some villages further ahead arrived at Mouaou to threaten the inhabitants with war if they came with him through their country. Of course there

was a palaver, and in the meantime Mr. Du Chaillu was obliged to stay at Mouaou. But he did not like to remain in the village, and formed an encampment at some little distance in the woods on the borders of one of the beautifully clear streams which he says are so frequent in this mountainous region.

'The place was a very pleasant one, under the shade of magnificent trees, whose closely-interwoven arms would protect us from the night mist which dissolves in a soaking drizzle almost every night in this humid country.'

But this distrust of the hospitality of the villagers displeased them, and they came and entreated him to come back. He at last complied with the request, and entered Mouaou with all his baggage in a sort of triumphal procession. The chief came out in state with his countenance painted and his royal bell ringing; and his head-wife told them that she was cooking a large pot of vegetables to refresh the travellers.

'Alas!' says Mr. Du Chaillu, 'the joy was soon turned into terror! Four men from the hostile village, arrayed in warrior's attire, and brandishing plaitain-leaves over their heads, came in. They said they had held their palaver this morning, and had decided not to let the Oguizi pass; there would be war if the Mouaou people attempted to bring me.'

'Kombo, who was seated by my side, told me to hide myself in my hut, so as not to give the strangers the pleasure of seeing me; he then ordered my men to make a demonstration with their guns to intimidate these vapouring warriors. I laughed as I saw the men taking to their heels as soon as Igala advanced towards them, firing his gun in the air. But my men got excited, and hurrying forward into the open space to fire their guns in the air, one of the weapons loaded with ball went off before the muzzle was elevated. I did not see the act, but immediately after the report of the guns, I was startled to see the Mouaou villagers, with affrighted looks and shouts of alarm, running in all directions. The king and his kondé, who were both near me, fled along with the rest.'

A negro had been killed not far from the hut, and at first it was thought that he was the only victim. This accident might have been got over, for the natives seemed willing to take payment in beads and cloth as the price of the life that had been lost. The war drums had ceased beating, and they were going to hold a palaver, when suddenly a woman came rushing out of a hut, wailing and tearing her hair, to announce that the head wife of the chief had

been killed by the bullet, which, after passing through the body of the negro, had pierced the thin wall of her hut. There was now a general shout of 'War!' and Mr. Du Chaillu and his little party were compelled to retreat.

'Away we went; Igala took the best of our remaining dogs, and led the van, I bringing up the rear. It was not an instant too soon. Before we were well on the forest-path leading from the village, a number of arrows were discharged at us; Igala was hit in the leg, and one of the missiles struck me on the hand, cutting through one of my fingers to the bone. Macondai and Rebouka, in leaving the village, narrowly escaped being transfixed with spears, and only succeeded in repelling their assailants by pointing their guns at them. If I had not stopped them from firing they would have shot a number of them. Wild shouts and the tramp of scores of infuriated savages close behind us put us on our mettle. I shouted to my men not to fire, for we were in the wrong, and I told the villagers we should not shoot them if they did not pursue us to the forest, but that if they followed us we should certainly kill them. My Commi boys behaved exceedingly well; they were cool and steady, and keeping a firm line, we marched away through the street of the village.'

After running four or five miles pursued by the infuriated blacks, Mr. Du Chaillu ordered his men to make a stand, and, firing his rifle, shot two of the leading negroes. This made them keep at a more respectful distance, but they still followed the retreating party, and Mr. Du Chaillu was again struck by a barbed arrow in his side. He says:—

'The unfeigned sorrow and devotion of my men at this juncture were most gratifying to me. I was getting weak from loss of blood, and a burning thirst was tormenting me. They asked what was to become of them if I should die? I told them to keep together, come what might; and if they escaped, to deliver all my journals and papers to the white men.'

Twice again the Commi negroes fired upon their pursuers, and each time with effect. This effectually frightened them, and although they followed at a distance for some time through the forest, they did not venture to show themselves, and at last were heard no longer. One of Mr. Du Chaillu's men was badly wounded, and he himself suffered acute pain from the poisoned arrows which had struck him. But the poison is not very virulent, and if the wound is an external one, it is seldom fatal.

We need not give details of the rest of Mr. Du Chaillu's retreat. It was over the same ground which he had formerly traversed, and he met with no opposition from the natives. On the contrary, they welcomed him in the most friendly manner, and often pressed him to stay with them. The Ishogos especially, whom he calls the kindest-hearted and gentlest negroes he ever met with, received the fugitives with enthusiasm, and as he passed through their villages followed him with shouts, 'Go on well, go on well; nothing bad shall happen to you.' Perhaps the boasting of his Commi body-guard had something to do with this, by inspiring admiration of their valour; for as they increased the distance between themselves and the Ashangos, they magnified their own prowess, and told wonderful stories of the numbers of the enemy they had slain. In a short time the three or four who had fallen by their guns were multiplied to a hundred and fifty, and, like Falstaff about his men in buckram, each told a tale of the numbers he had killed with his own hand. We need not wonder at the awe which such deeds of prowess inspired, nor that the audience clapped their hands, and cried out, 'You are men! You are men!' As he passed along he saw fearful evidences of the violence of the small-pox which had raged in the district. In many places the ground was strewn with human skulls and bones, and some villages had been entirely deserted. Goumbi, on the Rembo, one of the chief towns of King Quengueza, had become a ruin, and one clan of the Commi tribe was almost wholly destroyed. The old man himself was broken-hearted, but he refused to listen to his people who wished human victims to be sacrificed as the authors of the witchcraft which had caused the plague. 'No,' he said, 'it was no witchcraft, but a wind sent by God. Enough people have died, and we must kill no more.' He entreated Mr. Du Chaillu to return again to Africa. 'Come again,' he exclaimed, 'and go no more into the bush; and when you come bring me a big bell, a sword with a silver handle that will not rust, and two chests, one of brass, and another of ebony, for I want to see how you work the wood that we send to you.'

At last, on the 21st of September, 1865, Mr. Du Chaillu reached the mouth of the Fernand Vaz river, and found a vessel there loading for London. He had lost everything but his journals, and had neither money nor property with him, but he was taken on board as a passenger, and soon after arrived safely in England. Thus ended

this second most adventurous journey, of which some may think that the results have been meagre, if we compare them with the danger and the cost. It is the narrative of brave adventure, dogged by misfortune, and ending in disappointment. But this was not Mr. Du Chaillu's fault.

Though his advance from the coast has not exceeded 240 miles in a direct line, he has made many important additions to natural history, and thrown a new and interesting light on the nature of the country, and the manners and condition of its inhabitants. The region is almost impenetrable from the want of harbours on the surf-beaten coast, the deadliness of the climate, the rains which last for ten months of the year, the intricacy of the jungle which covers nearly the entire surface, and the jealous suspicions of the natives. The narrative affords abundant proof that, if any one could overcome these obstacles it was Mr. Du Chaillu — the man who, in the first instance, had been the victim of a conspiracy to make him out an impostor, to deny him all merit as a discoverer, and to suppress his name from the very specimens he had sent home. This second journey places him above the reach of calvil; and if he has failed, he has shown all future travellers the qualities needed for success.

Almost acclimatised by residence on the coast; endued with rare energy, courage, and perseverance; personally popular with the natives for that kindly disposition which we see in the management of his guides, speaking their dialects with fluency, and showing masterly tact in his 'palavers' with them, thoroughly acquainted with their habits, he seems to possess all the qualifications of an African traveller. But he was able to advance only a few hundred miles inland, and then barely escaped the fate which has befallen so many brave and distinguished men, from Mungo Park down to — we can scarcely bring ourselves to abandon hope, as, with deepest sorrow, we add the last most honoured name — Livingstone. It may be well worth while seriously to consider whether it is wise or right to expose valuable lives to such risks in such expeditions. To solve the great problem of the sources of the Nile, to dispel the darkness which has shrouded the cradle of the mysterious river for so many ages, and to set at rest a question which from the time of Herodotus had vexed geographers, historians, and philosophers, is a feat to immortalize the name of the discoverer. We can quite understand, therefore, why travellers persevered in the attempt, and will persevere all the more for

the success which crowned the enterprise of Speke, and Grant, and Baker, when they gazed upon the waters of the great African lakes which form the head reservoirs, if we may not strictly call them the sources, of the Nile. But we more than doubt whether anything is to be gained by an attempt to cross the continent of Africa in the region of the equator. Indignantly protesting at that want of sympathy with the worth of science and the dignity of manly adventure, which sneers at the desire to enlarge the bounds of geographical knowledge as mere curiosity, we must still recognise that the chief objects of such an enterprise should be trade and civilisation. But the isolated journeys of a few travellers carrying their lives in their hands — after the first indispensable work of laying open the regions which it requires unselfish devotion such as theirs to think of penetrating — can do little or nothing to effect these objects. They might be better advanced, in the second stage, by settlements and factories on the coast, or on the banks of navigable rivers as far inland as the climate or other natural obstacles will allow. The path of the white man through the tribes of the interior is like the path of a ship through the waters. The waves close on the track, and all trace of it is lost, till the march of civilisation, directed in the same track by more effective if less unselfish motives, takes the chart of the almost forgotten traveller for its guide.

If we do not actually know, we can tolerably well guess, thanks to Mr. Du Chaillu, what is the nature of the country, and what is the character of its inhabitants. Forest and prairie alternate; and elevated ridges, which sometimes rise to the dignity of mountains, with jungle covering their sides, run in parallel lines from north to south. The kings of the forest seem to be the gorilla and the chimpanzee, for there are only a few carnivorous animals found there, and the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the lion are unknown. Mr. Du Chaillu saw no zebras, giraffes, elands, or antelopes, and, indeed, the absence of animal life of any kind was remarkable. He says that miles after miles were travelled over without hearing the sound of a bird, the chatter of a monkey, or the footstep of a gazelle. Reptiles, of course, abound, and most of the snakes are poisonous. As to the people, he was struck with the scantiness of their numbers, and the varieties of languages and dialects spoken by the different tribes. The patriarchal form of government everywhere prevails, each village being ruled by a chief

or by elders. The power of the chief is not despotic, but subject, in cases of life and death at all events, to a council of elders. Polygamy and slavery exist, but the slaves always belong to a different tribe from that of their owner.

It is, however, of little interest to know what are the laws and customs of half-naked savages, who since the first peopling of the wastes of Africa, have been unable to raise themselves higher in the scale of intelligence than we now find them. Indeed, it is most probable that they have degraded from the old stock, whatever that stock may originally have been. It is sad to think of the generations that have passed, and of those that will pass away of men 'born for immortality,' whose religion is the lowest form of superstition, and who seem destined to continue as long as they exist in a state of primeval barbarism. We confess that we have no faith in the opinion that they can civilise themselves or that civilisation can be imported amongst them. The individual negro may now and then show a remarkable aptitude for this, and hereby he proves the folly of the theory which would make him the congener of the ape; and negroes who dwell amidst a superior race, like those in the United States and in the West Indies, may be capable of improvement; but so long as they inhabit Africa, with its climate, their habits, and their traditions, we believe that neither the efforts of missionaries nor the enterprise of travellers, nor the energy of traders, will be able to raise them materially in the scale of humanity. We agree with Mr. Du Chaillu that 'though a people may be taught the arts and sciences known by more gifted nations, unless they have the power of progression in themselves, they must inevitably relapse in the course of time into their former state.'

He says that the population in the region of the equator is steadily decreasing. The negroes themselves acknowledge it, and he attributes it to the slave trade, polygamy, barrenness of women, death among children, plagues, and witchcraft, 'the latter taking away more lives than any slave trade ever did.' But all these causes have been in operation for ages. The slave trade, indeed, was infinitely more active formerly than now, and yet it is only lately that the diminution has become so apparent. In the lifetime of old men clans have entirely disappeared, and of others only a few individuals remain. Nor is it only in Central Africa that this occurs. We are told that in every other part of the continent travellers

who, after the lapse of a few years, have returned a second time to the same country, have noticed a decrease of population.

We are unable to account for this; but, whatever be the cause, we cannot affect to be sorry for the result. We feel too profoundly for the degradation of the negro, and the miseries he endures, and we have too little faith in the probability of his amelioration, to desire the continuance of his race. It may be that, like that of the Red Indian in America, or the Maori in New Zealand, or the Black Man in Australia, it is destined to disappear; but in those cases it dies away before the march of advancing civilisation. The hunting grounds of the wilderness are covered with cattle and with corn, and the wigwam of the savage gives place to opulent towns. But the climate of Africa seems to forbid the possibility of this, and if the negro were to vanish from the earth, we know not who from amongst the family of man would be likely or able to occupy his seat. Nor need we now speculate on the future, for that day is far distant. In the meantime our duty is clear; we must treat him with kindness, but also with firmness, when we come in contact with him; we must deal with him fairly, and do our best to educate and elevate him as far as his nature will permit him to rise, leaving the issue of the question of his destiny in the hands of Providence.

**THE ENGLISH BIBLE.**—In less than two years after her accession, Queen Elizabeth granted a patent to this John Bodeleigh, or Bodley, to print [or import printed, it was in effect the same thing] the Bible of the English translators sojourning at Geneva. This was purely a commercial transaction on the part of Bodeleigh, and was designed to protect him against loss from the heavy charges of importation and printing. Such measures were common in those days—days of monopoly and restrictions upon trade, and which, within certain limits, are so just and reasonable, that neither author nor publisher can even now dispense with the law of copyright. Patents of monopoly, granted to men of rank and state by the Queen, grew to be a great abuse in her time; but she had the determination to denounce them herself, when their iniquitous and oppressive nature was made known to her. Such monopolies were not contrived to protect the interests of honest and venturous tradesmen, but to put money for licenses into the pockets of noblemen and courtiers. The words

of the Queen on this subject, addressed to her last Parliament, are so just and honourable to the good sense and right feeling of her Majesty, that they deserve quotation here:—"Gentlemen," said Elizabeth to the deputies of the Commons, who had required her Majesty to redress this grievance, "I owe you hearty thanks and commendations for your singular good will towards me, not only in your hearts and thoughts, but which you have openly expressed and declared, whereby you have recalled me from an error, proceeding from my ignorance, not my will. These things had undeservedly turned to my disgrace, to whom nothing is more dear than the safety and love of my people, had not such harpies and horseleeches as these been made known and discovered to me by you. I had rather my heart or hand should perish, than either my heart or hand should allow such privileges to monopolists as may be prejudicial to my people. The splendour of regal majesty hath not so blinded my eyes that licentious power should prevail with me more than justice. The glory of the name of a king may deceive princes that know not how to rule, as gilded pills may deceive a sick patient. But I am none of those princes; for I know that the commonwealth is to be governed for the good and advantage of those that are committed to me, not for myself, to whom it is intrusted; and that an account is one day to be given before another judgment-seat. . . . I beseech you that, whatever misdemeanours and miscarriages others are guilty of by their false suggestions may not be imputed to me. Let the testimony of a clear conscience in all respects excuse me." These are noble sentiments from the mouth of a sovereign, and amply vindicate Elizabeth from complicity in the extortions legally practised by the courtiers on her Majesty's subjects by means of patents that never should have been given, and which only aimed at the enrichment of the greedy gentry who had contrived to get them. A sample of these iniquitous patents may be produced here with good effect in connection with our patent to Bodeleigh, the latter of which aimed to protect legitimate trade, the others to embarrass trade and hamper every tradesman. Sir Thomas Gorges hoped to get £10,000 a year as gauger of beer, while he was himself to pay into the treasury only £200. Sir Walter Raleigh had a patent for licensing vintners and taverns. Edward Darch had a patent for licensing the sale of leather. Sir Thomas Wilkes had a license for dealing in salt. The Earl of Oxford attempted to secure a patent in the matter of the Pewterers' Company. All these aristocratic leeches, like too many holding pensions at the public expense nowadays, for no duty either done or doing, for nominal offices and obsolete claims, batted on the wealth of the country, and fettered the free action of commerce—a scandal to the government, and an oppression to the community at large.—*Churchman's Family Magazine.*



## CHAPTER IX. — THE QUACK.

It was true, as Jock had Hall heard, that Sergeant Mercer was unwell. The events of the few previous weeks, however in the estimation of the great world, had been to him very real and afflicting. The ecclesiastical trials and the social annoyances, with the secret worry and anxiety which they had occasioned, began to affect his health. He grew dull in spirits, suffered from a sense of oppression, and was "head-achy," "fashionless," and "dowie." He resolved to be cheerful, and do his work; but he could neither be the one nor do the other. His wife prescribed for him out of her traditional pharmacopeia, but in vain. Then, as a last resort, "keeping a day in bed" was advised, and at once acceded to by him.

It was about this time, at the beginning of his illness, that a person, dressed in rather decayed black clothes, with a yellowish white neckcloth, looking like a deposed clergyman, gently tapped at his door. It was opened by Katie. The stranger raised his broad-brimmed hat, and saluted her with a low, respectful bow. He entered with head uncovered, muttering many apologies with many smiles. His complexion was dark; his black hair was smoothly combed back from his receding forehead, and again drawn forward in the form of a curl under each large ear, thus directing attention to his pronounced nostrils and lips; while his black eyes were bent down, as if contemplating his shining teeth. His figure was obese; and his age was between forty and fifty. This distinguished-looking visitor introduced himself as Dr. Mair, and inquired in the kindest, softest, and most confidential manner as to the health of "the worthy Sergeant," as he condescendingly called him. Katie was puzzled, yet pleased, with the appearance of the unknown doctor, who explained that he was a stranger—his residence been ordinarily in London, except when travelling on professional business, as on the present occasion. He said that he had devoted all his time and talents to the study of the complaint under which the Sergeant, judging from what he had heard, was evidently labouring; and that he esteemed it to be the highest honour—a gift from Heaven, indeed—to be able to remedy it. His father, he said, had been a great medical man in the West Indies, and had consecrated his life to the cure of disease, having made a wonderful collection of medicines from old Negroes, who had a great knowledge of herbs. These secrets of Nature he had intrusted to him, and to him

alone, on the express condition that he would minister them in love only. He therefore made no charge, except for the medicine itself—a mere trifle to cover the expense of getting it from the West Indies. Might he have the privilege of seeing the Sergeant? One great blessing of his medicines was, that if they did no good—which rarely happened—they did no harm. But all depended—he added, looking up to heaven—on *His* blessing!

Katie was much impressed by this self-sacrificing philanthropist, and expressed a cordial wish that he should see the Sergeant. Adam, after some conversation with his wife, thought it best, for peace' sake, to permit the entrance of the doctor. After he had made some unctuous demonstrations and given assurances of his skill, the Sergeant asked him: "Hoo do I ken ye're speakin' the truth, and no cheatin' me?"

"You have my word of honour, Sergeant!" replied Dr. Mair, "and you don't think I would lie to you? Look at me! I cannot have any possible motive for making you unwell. Horrible thought! I hope I feel my sense of responsibility too much for for that!" Whereupon he took out of a black bag many phials and boxes of pills, arranging them on a small table at the window, and proceeding to describe their wonderful qualities in inflated English, which he wished to be considered the language of a scholarly gentleman, interlarding his speech with Latin terms—of his own invention of course—to give it a learned colouring.

"This box," he said, "acts on the spirits. It is the *spiritum cheerabulum*. It cures depression; it removes all nervous, agitating feelings—what we call *depressiones*; it soothes the anxious mind, because acting on the vital nerves—going to the root of the sensations through the gastric juice, heart, and liver, along the spinal cord. A few doses of this would put you on your legs, Sergeant! I never once knew it fail if persevered in for a few weeks, with faith—with faith!" he added, with a benignant smile; "for faith, I am solemnly persuaded, can even now remove mountains!"

"Doctor, or whatever ye are," said the Sergeant, in an impatient tone of voice, "I want name o' yer pills or drugs; I hae a guid doctor o' my ain."

"Ha!" said Dr. Mair; "a regular practitioner, I presume? Yes, I understand. Hem! College-bred, and all that."

"Just so," said the Sergeant. "Eddicated, as it were, to command the regiment; and no an ignoramus, wha only *says* he can do't."



"But can you believe his word?" blandly asked Dr. Mair.

"As muckle as yours," replied the Sergeant; "mair especial" as guid and learned men agree wi' him, but no wi' you."

"How do you know they are good and learned?" asked Dr. Mair, smiling.

"Hoo do I ken ye're good and learned, and no leein'? Their word is surely as guid as yours," said Adam.

"But God might surely reveal to me the truth," replied Mair, "rather than to ten thousand so-called learned men. Babes and sucklings, you know, may receive what is concealed from the great and self-confident."

"My word! ye're neither a babe nor a sucklin', doctor, as ye ca' yersel'; and, depen' on't, neither am I!" said the Sergeant. "Onyhoo, I think it's mair likely the Almighty wad reveal himsel' to a' the sensible and guid doctors rather than to you alane, forbye a' yer niggers!"

"But I have testimonials of my cures!" continued Dr. Mair.

"Wha kens about yer testimonials!" exclaimed Adam. "Could naeboddy get testimonials but you? And hae ye testimonials frae them ye kill't? I see warrant no! I tell ye again I dinna believe ye could fin' oot what a' the clever men in the world could-na."

"But it's possible?" asked Dr. Mair, with a smile.

"Possible!" said the Sergeant; "but it's ten thousand times mair possible that ye're cheatin' yersel' or cheatin' me. Sae ye may gang."

"But I charge nothing for my attendance, my dear sir, only for the medicine."

"Just so," replied the Sergeant; "sae mony shillings for what maybe didna cost ye a bawbee — pills o' aitmeal or peasebrose. I am an auld sodger, and canna be made a fule o' that way."

"I do not depend on my pills so much as on my prayers for the cure of disease," said the quack, solemnly. "Oh, Sergeant! have you no faith in prayer?"

"I houp I hae," replied the Sergeant; "but I hae nae faith in you — name whatsoever!" — sae gud day wi' ye!"

Dr. Mair packed up his quack medicine in silence, which was meant to be impressive. He sighed, as if in sorrow for human ignorance and unbelief; but seeing no favourable effect produced on the Sergeant he said, "Your blood be on your own unbelieving head! I am free of it."

"Amen!" said the Sergeant; "and gang about yer business to auld wives and idewits,

that deserve to dee if they trust the like o' you."

And so the great Dr. Mair departed in wrath — real or pretended — to pursue his calling as a leech, verily sucking the blood of the credulous, of whom there are not a few among rich and poor, who, loving quackery, are quacked.

#### CHAPTER X. — CORPORAL DICK.

It was immediately after this interview that a very different person paid his annual visit to the Sergeant. This was his old comrade, Corporal Dick, who lived in the village of Darnic, several hours' journey by the "Highflyer" coach from Drumsylie.

The Corporal, while serving in the same regiment with the Sergeant, had been impressed, as we indicated in our first chapter, by the Christian character of the Sergeant. Those early impressions had been deepened shortly after his return home. We need not here record the circumstances in which this decided change in his sentiments and character had taken place. Many of our Scotch readers, at least, have heard of the movement in the beginning of this century, by the devoted Haldanes, who, as gentlemen of fortune, and possessing the sincerest and strongest Christian convictions, broke the formality which was crushing Christian life in many a district of Scotland. They did the same kind of work for the Church in the North which Wesley and Whitefield had done for that in the South, though with less permanent results as far as this world is concerned. Dick joined the "Haldaneites." Along with all the zeal and strictness characteristic of a small body, he possessed a large share of *bonhomie*, and of the freedom, subdued and regulated, of the old soldier.

At these annual visits the old veterans fought their battles over again, recalling old comrades and repeating old stories; neither, however, being old in their affections or their memories. But never had the Corporal visited his friend with a more eager desire to "hear his news" than on the present occasion. He had often asked people from Drumsylie, whom he happened to meet, what all this disputing and talk about Adam Mercer meant? And every new reply he received to his question, whether favourable or unfavourable to the Sergeant, only puzzled him the more. One thing, however, he never could be persuaded of — that his friend Adam Mercer would do anything unbecoming to his "superior officer," as he called the minister; or "break the Sabbath," which, like

every Scotchman, he held in peculiar veneration; or be art or part in any mutiny against the ordinances or principles of true religion. And yet, how could he account for all that had been told him by "decent folk" and well-informed persons? The good he heard of the Sergeant was believed in by the Corporal as a matter of course; but what of the evil, which seemed to rest upon apparently equally good authority?

Dick would himself hear the details of the "affair," or the battle, as it might turn out.

It was therefore a glad day for both Adam and the Corporal when the latter entered his cottage;—a most pleasant change of thought to both—a glad remembrance of a grand old time already invested with romance—a meeting of men of character, of truth and honour, who could call each other by the loyal name of Friend.

We must allow the reader to fill up the outline which alone we can give of the meeting—the hearty greetings between the two old soldiers; the minute questions by the one, the full and candid answers by the other; the smiling Katie ever and anon filling up the vacancies left in the narrative of ecclesiastical trials by the Sergeant's modesty or his want of memory; the joyous satisfaction of Dick, as he found his faith in his comrade vindicated, and saw how firm and impregnable he was in his position, without anything to shake confidence in his long-tried integrity, courage, and Christian singleness of heart. The Corporal's only regret was to see the Sergeant wanting in his usual elasticity of spirits. The fire in his eye was gone, and the quiet yet joyous laugh no longer responded to the old jokes,—a smile being all he could muster. But the Corporal was determined to rouse him. "The wars" would do it if anything would. And so, when supper came piping hot, with bubbling half-browned toasted cheese, mutton-pie, tea and toast, followed by a little whiskey-punch, and all without gluttony or drunkenness, but with sobriety and thankfulness felt and expressed—then did the reminiscences begin! And it would be difficult to say how often the phrase, "D'ye mind, Sergeant?" was introduced, as old officers and men, old jokes and old everything—marches, bivouacs, retreats, charges, sieges, battles—were recalled, with their anxieties and hardships passed away and their glory alone remaining.

"Heigho!" the Corporal would say, as he paused in his excitement, "it's growing a dream already, Adam! There's no mony can speak noo about these auld times;—

no auld to you and me, but auld tae them wha's heads are taen up wi' naething but getting money oot o' the peace we helped to get for the kintra: and little thanks for a' we did—little thanks, little thanks at-weel!" the Corporal would ejaculate in a die-away murmur.

But this was not a time to complain, but to rouse—not to pile arms, but to fire. And so the Corporal said, "Did I tell ye o' the sang made by Sandie Tamson? Ye'll mind Sandie weel—the schulemaster that listed? a maist clever chiel!"

"Imind him fine," said the Sergeant. "It was me that listed him. I hae heard a hantle o' his sangs."

"But nae this ane," said Dick, "for he made it—at least he said sae—for our auld Colonel in Perth. It seems Sandie, pur fallow, took to drink—or rather ne'er gied it ower—and sae he cam' beggin' in a kin' o' private genteel way, ye ken, to the Colonel; and when he got siller he wrote this sang for him. He gied me a copy for half-a-crown. I'll let ye hear't—altho' my pipe is no sae guid as yer Sterlin's."

As the Corporal cleared his voice, the Sergeant lifted the nightcap from his ear, and said, "Sing awa'."

Dost thou remember, soldier, old and hoary,  
The days we fought and conquered side by side,  
On fields of battle famous now in story,  
Where Britons triumphed, and where Britons died?

Dost thou remember all our old campaigning,  
O'er many a field of Portugal and Spain?  
Of our old comrades few are now remaining—  
How many sleep upon the bloody plain!  
Of our old comrades, &c.

Dost thou remember all those marches weary,  
From gathering foes, to reach Corunna's shore?

Who can forget that midnight, sad and dreary,  
When in his grave we laid the noble Moore!  
But ere he died our General heard us cheering,  
And saw us charge with vict'ry's flag unfurled;  
And then he slept, without his ever fearing  
For British soldiers conquering o'er the world.  
And then he slept, &c.

Rememb' rest thou the bloody Albuhera!  
The deadly breach in Badajoz's walls!  
Vittoria! Salamanca! Talavera!  
Till Roncesvalles echoed to our balls!  
Ha! how we drove the Frenchmen all before us,

As foam is driven before the stormy breeze!  
We fought right on, with conquering banners o'er us,  
From Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees.  
We fought right on, &c.

Those days are past, my soldier, old and hoary,  
But still the scars are on thy manly brow;  
We both have shared the danger and the glory,  
Come, let us share the peace and comfort now.  
Come to my home, for thou hast not another,  
And dry those tears, for thou shalt beg no  
more;

There, take this hand, and let us march to-  
gether

Down to the grave, where life's campaign is  
o'er!

There, take this hand, &c.\*

While the song was being sung the Sergeant turned his head on his pillow away from the Corporal. When it was finished, he said, "Come here, Dick."

The Corporal went to the bed, and seized the Sergeant's proffered hand.

"That sang will do me mair guid than a' their medicine. The guidwife will gie ye half-a-croon for puir Sandie Tamson."

Then asking Katie to leave him alone for a few moments with the Corporal, the Sergeant continued, retaining his hand—

"I'm no ill, my auld friend; but I'm no weel—I'm no weel. There's a waight on my mind, and an oppression aboot me that hauds me doun."

"Dinna gie in, Adam—dinna gie in, wi' the help o' Him that has brocht ye thro' mony a waur fecht," replied the Corporal, as he sat down beside him. "D'ye mind, the time when ye followed Cainish up the ladder at Badajoz? and d'ye mind when that glorious fallow Loyd was kill't at Nivel-le? Noo?"

"Ah, Dick! thae days, man, are by. I'm no what I was," said the Sergeant. "I'm a puir crippled, wounded veteran, no fit for ony mair service—no even as an elder," he added, with a bitter smile.

"Dinna fash yer thoomb, Adam, aboot that business," said Dick. "Ye deserved to hae been drummed oot o' the regiment—I mean the kirk—no your kirk nor mine, but the kirk o' a' the honest and sensible folk, gif ye had swithered aboot that bird. I hae had a crack wi' the cratur, and it's jist extraordinary sensible like—sae crouse and canty—it wad be like murder tae throw a neck like that! In fac, a bird is mair than a bird when it can speak and sing."

"Thank ye, Corporal," said Adam.

"It's some glamour has come ower the minister," said Dick, "just like what cam ower our Colonel, when he made us charge twa thousand at Busaco, and had, in coorse,

tae fa' back on his supports in disgrace—no jist in disgrace, for we never cam tae that, nor never wull. I hope—but in confusion."

"God's wull be done, auld comrade!" replied Adam; "but it's His wull, I think, that I maun fa' on the field, and if so, I'm no feared—na—na! Like a guid sodger, I wad like tae endure hardness."

"Ye're speakin' ower muckle," interrupted Dick, "and wearyin' yersel'."

"I maun hae my sae oot, Corporal, afore the forlorn hope marches," continued the Sergeant; "and as I was remarkin', and because I dinna want tae be interrupted wi' the affairs o' this life, so as to please Him wha has ca'd me to be a sodger—I maun mak my last wull and testament noo or never, and I trust you, Dick, mair than a' the lawyers and law papers i' the worl'." And he held out his feverish hand to the Corporal, who gave it a responsive squeeze.

"Ye see, Corporal," said the Sergeant, "I hae nae fortun' to leave; but I hae laid by something for my Katie—and what she has been tae me, God alane kens!" He paused.

"And then there's wee Mary, that I luv amaist as weel as my Charlie; and then there's the bird. Na, Corporal, dinna blame me for speakin' aboot the bird! The Apostle, when aboot to be offered up, spak aboot his cloak, and nae dead cloak was ever dearer to him than the leevin' bird is tae me, because it was, as ye ken, dear tae the wee fallow that was my ain flesh and bluid, wha is waiting for me. Ye mind Charlie?"

"Mind Charlie!" exclaimed the Corporal. "Wait awee, Adam!" and he brought forth an old pocket-book, from which he took a bit of paper, and, unfolding it, held up a lock of silken hair. The Sergeant suddenly seized the relic and kissed it, and then returned it to the Corporal, who, without saying a word, restored it to its old place of safety.

But Dick now began to see that the Sergeant seemed to be rather excited, and no longer able to talk in his usual slow and measured manner; and so he said to him—

"Wait till the morn, Adam, and we'll put a' richt to yer satisfaction."

"Na, na, Corporal!" replied Adam, "I never like pittin' aff—no a fecht even. What ought to be dune, should be dune when it can—sae listen to me:—Ye'll help Katie tae gait her siller and gear thegither—it's no muckle atweel!—and see that her and Mary, wi' the bird, are pit in a bit hoose near yersel'. They can fen' on what I'll lea' them, wi' their ain wark tae help. Ye'll stan' their frien—I ken,

\* These words may be sung to the French air of—  
"Te souviens-tu? disait un Capitaine."

I ken! And oh, man, when ye hear folk abuse me, dinna say a word in my defence! Let gowans grow frae my grave, and birds sing ower't, and God's sun shine on't, but let nae angry word, against even an enemy, ever be heerd frae't, or be connekit wi' my memory!"

Dick was silent. He felt too much to speak. The Sergeant continued — "Gie a' my boots and shoon tae Jock Hall. Katie wull tell ye aboot him."

After a pause, he said — "I ask forgiveness o' the minister, if I hae wrangled him in ignorance. But as to Smellie" — and the Sergeant turned his head away. "The heart, Corporal," he added, "is hard! I'm no fit for that yet. God forgie me! but I canna wi'oot hypocrisy say" —

"I'll no let ye speak another word, Adam!" said Dick. "Trust me as to yer will. I'll be faithfu' unto death!" and he drew himself up, and saluted the Sergeant, placing his hand on his heart.

There was not a bit of the conscious dramatic in this; but he wished to accept the trust given him in due form, as became a soldier receiving important orders from a dying friend.

Adam did not like to confess it; but he was so wearied that he could speak no more without pain, and so, thanking the Corporal, he turned round to sleep.

#### CHAPTER XI. — CORPORAL DICK AT THE MANSE.

ADAM had received his pension-paper, which required to be signed by the parish minister, as certifying that the claimant was in life. Dick was glad of this opportunity of calling upon the minister to obtain for his friend the required signature. He was known to Mr. Porteous, who had met him once before in Adam's house, and had attacked him rather sharply on his Haldaneite principles, the sect being, as he alleged, an uncalled-for opposition to the regular parish clergy.

A few minutes brought Dick to the Manse. After a few words of greeting he presented the Sergeant's paper; Mr. Porteous inquired, with rather a sceptical expression on his countenance —

"Is Mr. Mercer really unwell, and unable to come?"

"I have told you the truth, sir," was the Corporal's dignified and short reply.

Mr. Porteous asked what was wrong with him. The Corporal replied that he did

not know, but that he was feverish he thought, and was certainly confined to bed.

"The Sergeant, as you are probably aware," remarked the minister, signing the paper and returning it to the Corporal, "has greatly surprised and annoyed me. He seems quite a changed man — changed, I fear, for the worse. Oh! yes, Mr. Dick," continued the minister in reply to a protesting wave of the Corporal's hand, "he is indeed. He has become proud and obstinate — very."

"Meek as a lamb in time of peace, but brave as a lion in time of war, I can assure you, Mr. Porteous," replied the Corporal.

"I know better!" said the minister.

"Not better than me, sir," replied Dick, "for tho' ye have kent him as well as me, perhaps in peace, yet ye didna ken him at all in war, and a truer, better, nobler soldier than Adam Mercer never raised his arms in fight or in prayer; that I'll say before the world!"

"Remember, Corporal, you and I belong to different churches, and we judge men differently. We must have discipline. Some churches are more or less pure, according as —"

"There's nae kirk pure, wi' your leave, neither yours nor mine!" exclaimed the Corporal. "I'm no pure, and accordingly when I joined my kirk it was pure nae langer; and wi' a' respec' to you, sir, I'm no sure if your ain kirk wasna fashed wi' the same diffeulty when ye joined it."

"Discipline, I say, must be maintained — must be," said Mr. Porteous; "and Adam has come under it most deservedly. First pure, then peaceable."

"If ever a man kept discipline in a regiment, he did! My certes!" said Dick, "I wad like to see the man wad rattle the regiment when he was in't!"

"I am talking of church discipline, sir!" said the minister, rather irate. "Church discipline, you observe; which — as I deny your being in a properly constituted church, but a mere self-constituted sect — you cannot have."

"We're a kin' o' volunteers, I suppose?" interrupted Dick with a laugh; "the Haldaneite volunteers, as ye wad ca' us; but maybe close after a' we'll fecht agin the enemy, an' its three corps o' the deevil, the world, and the flesh, as weel as your ain can do."

"They are not the regular army anyhow," said the minister, "and I do not recognise them."

"The mair's the pity," replied the Corporal, "for I consider it a great blin'ness and

misfortin' when ae regiment dislikes anither. An army, minister, is no ae regiment, but many. There's cavalry and artillery, light troops and heavy troops, field guns and siege guns, and each does its ain wark sae lang as it obeys the commander-in-chief, and fechts for the kingdom. What's the use o' fechtin' agin each ither?"

The minister looked impatiently at his watch. Dick went on to say—

"In Spain, I can tell ye, we were thankfu' for thae mad chieles the guerillas, and muckle guid they did us. Altho' they didna enlist into the 92nd or ony regular drilled regiment, Scotch or English, the Duke was thankfu' for them. Noo, Mr. Porteous, altho' ye think us a sort o' guerillas, let us alane,—let us alane!—dinna forbid us tho' we dinna follow your flag, but fight the enemy under our ain."

"Well, well, Dick, we need not argue about it. My principles are too firm, too long made up, to be shaken at this time of day by the Haldaneites," said Mr. Porteous, rising, and looking out of the window.

"Weel, weel!" said Dick. "I'm no wantin' to shake your principles, but to keep my ain."

At this stage of the conversation Miss Thomasina entered the room, with "I beg pardon," as if searching for something in the press, but for no other purpose, in her eager curiosity, than to ascertain what the Corporal was saying, as she knew him to be a friend of the Sergeant's. Her best attention, with her ear placed outside the door, had made out nothing more than that the rather prolonged conversation had something to do with the great ecclesiastical question of the passing hour in Drumsylie.

Almost breathless with indignation that any one, especially a Haldaneite, should presume to take the part of the notorious heretic in the august presence of his great antagonist, she broke in with what was intended to be a good-humoured smile, but was, to ordinary observers, a bad-natured grin, saying, "Eh! Mr. Dick, you too stand up for that man—suspended by the Session, and deservedly so—yes, most deservedly so. Him and his starling, forsooth! It's infidelity at the root."

"It's what?" asked the Corporal, with amazement. "Infidelity did you say, my lady?"

The "my lady" rather softened Miss Thomasina, who returned to the charge more softly, saying, "Well, it's pride and stubbornness, and that's as bad. But I hope his illness will be sanctified for changing his heart!" she added, with a sigh, intended

to express a very deep concern for his spiritual welfare.

"I hope not, wi' your leave!" replied the Corporal.

"Not wish his heart changed?" exclaimed Miss Thomasina.

"No!" said Dick, emphatically, "not changed, for it's a good Christian heart, and, if changed at all, it wad be changed for the worse."

"A Christian heart, indeed! a heart that would not kill a starling for the sake of the peace of the Session and the Kirk! Wonders will never cease!"

"I hope never," said Dick, "if that's a wonder. Our Lord never killed in judgment man nor beast; and I suppose they were both much about as bad then as now; and his servants should imitate his example, I take it. He was love."

"But," said Mr. Porteous, chiming in, "love is all very well, no doubt, and ought to be, where possible; but justice *must* be, love or no love. The one is a principle, the other a feeling."

"I tak' it, with all respect to you, sir, and to madam," said Dick, "that love will aye do what's right, and will, therefore, aye do what's just and generous. We may miss fire pointing the gun wi' the eye o' justice, but never wi' the eye o' love. The sight is then always clearer anyhow to me. Excuse me, Mr. Porteous, if I presume to preach to you. We Haldaneites do a little in that line, tho' we're no ministers. I'm a plain man that speaks my mind, and sin' ye hae gien me liberty to speak, let me ax if ye wad hae killed yon fine bird, that was wee Charlie's, wi' yer ain ban, minister?"

"Ay, and all the birds under heaven!" replied Mr. Porteous, "if the law of the Church required it."

"I should think so! and so would I," added Miss Thomasina, walking out of the room.

"It wad be a dreich warl' wi' oot a bird in the wuds or in the lifts!" said the Corporal. "Maybe it's because I'm a Haldaneite; but, wi' a' respect, I think I wad miss them mair than a' the kirk coorts in the country!"

"Drop the subject, drop the subject, Mr. Dick!" said the minister, impatiently; "you are getting personal."

The Corporal could not see how that was, but he could see that his presence was not desired. So he rose to depart, saying—"I'm feared I hae been impudent, but, in candid truth, I wasna meanin' to be sae. But jist let me say ae word mair; ye'll aloo this, that a fool may gie an advice ta a



wise man, and this is my advice — the advice o' an auld sodger and a Haldaneite; no muckle worth, ye may think: — Dinna hairm Adam Mercer, or ye hairm yer best frien', yer best elder, and yer best parish-ioner. I beg pardon for my freedom, sir," he added, with a deferential bow. The minister returned it stiffly, remarking only that Mr. Dick was ignorant of all the facts and history of the case, or he would have judged otherwise.

Something, however, of what the Corporal said stuck in the heart of the minister.

#### CHAPTER XII. — DR. SCOTT AND HIS SERVANT.

THE Corporal was obliged, on family or on Haldaneite business, we know not which, to return by the "Highflyer" next morning. As that slow but sure conveyance jolted along the road but twice a week, he could not, in the circumstances in which he was placed, remain until another journey.

So when he left the Manse, he proceeded at once to the house of Dr. Scott, the well-known doctor of the parish, and of a district around it limited only by the physical endurance of himself and of his brown horse, "Bolus." When the Corporal called, the Doctor was absent on one of his constantly recurring journeys. Being a bachelor, his old servant Effie received the visitor. She kept the shop as well as the house, and was as well known in the parish as her master. And indeed she was suspected by many to have equal skill, very likely owing to the powerful effects produced by her doses. On learning the absence of the doctor, the Corporal inquired when he was expected home?

"Wha i' the warl' can tell that? Whatna question tae spier o' me!" exclaimed Effie.

"I meant no offence," replied the Corporal; "but my friend, Sergeant Mercer" —

"I beg yer pardon," interrupted Effie; "I wasna awar ye were a frien' o' the Sergeant's, honest man! Sae I may tell *you* that the doctor may be here in a minute, or maybe no till breakfast-time the morn; or he may come at twal, at twa, or Gude kens whan! But if its an *ordinar'* thing ye want for yersel' or Adam, I can gie't to ye: — sic as a scoorin' dose o' sauts or castur-ile, or rubbard pills, or seena leaf, or even a flee blister, or a few draps o' loda-my."

The Corporal listened with all respect, and said, "I want nothing for mysel' or

Adam; but Dr. Scott is requested to veeesit him on his return hame, or as soon after as convenient."

"Convenient!" exclaimed Effie, "that's no a word kent in Drumsylie for the doctor! He micht as well ax the folk if it was convenient for them to hae a son or a dochter at twal hours i' the day or at twal at nicht, on a het day or on a snawy ane; or to ax when it was convenient for them to burn their fit, break their leg, or play the mishanter wi' themselfs efter a fair. Convenient! Keep us a'! But depen' on't he'll mak' it convenient to atten' Mr. Mercer, nicht or mornin', sune or early."

"I am sorry to trouble him, for I am sure he is unco' bothered and fashed," said the Corporal, politely.

"Fashed!" exclaimed Effie, thankful for the opportunity of expressing sympathy with her master, and her indignation at his inconsiderate patients; "Naebody kens that but him and me! Fashed! the man haesna the life o' a streyed dog or cat! There's na a lameter taylor wi' his waik fit, nor a bairn wi' a sair wame frae eatin' ower mony cruds or grosats, nor an auld wife hostin' wi' a grew o' cauld, nor a farmer efter makin' ower free wi' black puddins and haggis when a mart is kill't — but a' maun flee tae the doctor, yam, yam, yam-merin', as if *he* had the poorer o' life and death! Puir bodie, I could maist greet if I wasna sae angry, to wauk him in his first sleey in a winter's nicht to ride aff on auld Bolus — that's his decent horse — and for what? Maybe naething! I assure you he has a dirty fleece tae scoor in this parish!" Effie stopped, not from want of illustration, but from want of breath.

"A hard life, a hard life, nae doot," remarked the Corporal; "but it's his duty, and he's paid for't."

"Him!" said Effie, "I wad like tae see the siller; as the watchmaker said — The Doctor, quo' he, should let them pay the debt o' nature if they wadna pay his ain debts first. He wasna far wrang. But I was forgettin' the Sergeant — what's wrang wi' him? That's a man never fashes the doctor or onybody; and *he* aye pays what he gets. But ither folk fash the Sergeant — I wuss I had the doctorin' o' some o' them I ken! Feggs, I wad doctor them! I wad gie them a blister or twa o' Spanish flees that they wadna forget in a hurry — but what's wrang?" she asked once more halting in her eloquence.

"That's just what we want tae ken," replied the Corporal, quietly.

"I'll tell the Doctor," said Effie. "I



think ye said yer name was Dick — Cornal Dick ?”

“No, no ! not Cornal yet,” replied Dick, smiling, “I’m sorry tae say, my braw woman, but Corporal only.”

The epithet “braw” drew down a curtsy from Effie in reply to his “Gude day ; ye’ll be sure to send the Doctor.”

Dr. Scott, whom Effie represented, was a man of few words, who never attempted to explain the philosophy, if he knew it, of his treatment, but prescribed his doses as firmly and unfeelingly as the gunner loads his cannon. He left his patients to choose life or death, apparently as if their choice was a matter of indifference to him ; yet nevertheless he possessed a most feeling heart, revealed not in looks or words, but in deeds of patience and self-sacrifice, for which, from too many, he got little thanks, and less pay, as Effie had more than insinuated. Every one in the parish seemed to have a firm conviction as to the duty of the doctor to visit them, when unwell, at all hours, and from all distances, by day or night ; while their duty of consideration for his health was dim, and for his pocket singularly procrastinating. “I do not grudge,” he once said, “to give my professional aid gratis to the poor and needy, and even to others who could pay me if they would ; nay, I do not grudge in many cases to send a bag of meal to the family, but I think I am entitled, without being considered greedy, and without my sending for it, to get my empty bag returned !”

The doctor was ever riding to and fro, his face red with winter’s cold and summer’s heat, nodding oftener on his saddle than at his own fire-side, watching all sorts of cases in farm-houses and lowly cottages by night, and cantering by day for miles to return again to the anxiety and discomforts of the sick-room. Poor fellow ! is it to be wondered at that he was too often tempted to depend on stimulants to support his strength and keep up the genial spirits, which regular food, rest, and a happy home should have supplied. But all liked the Doctor, and trusted him ; though, alas ! such men as Dr. Mair — herbalists, vendors of wonderful pills and “saws,” bone-setters, and the whole race of ignorant and presuming quacks, resident or itinerant — could always impose on the credulous, and could sell their marvellous cures for such prices as seldom entered poor Scott’s pocket.

The doctor in due time visited Adam. “What’s wrong, Sergeant ?” was his abrupt question ; and he immediately proceeded to examine tongue and pulse, and other signs

and symptoms. He then prescribed some simple medicine, rather gentler than Effie’s ; and said little, except that he would call back soon. The case was at last declared to be typhoid fever.

#### CHAPTER XIII. — MR. SMELLIE’S DIPLOMACY.

MR. SMELLIE was not only a draper, but the greatest in that line in the parish of Drumsylie. His shop had the largest display of goods in the village. Handkerchiefs, cravats, Paisley shawls, printed calicoes, &c., streamed in every variety of colour from strings across the large window, dotted with hats and bonnets for male and female customers. He was looked upon as a well-to-do, religious man, who carefully made the most of both worlds. He was a bachelor, and lived in a very small house, above his shop, which was reached by a screw stair. A small charity boy, with a singularly sedate countenance — he may for aught I know be now a rich merchant on the London Exchange — kept the shop. I mention his name, Eben, or Ebenezer Peat, to preserve for some possible biographer the important part which the as yet great unknown played in his early life. The only domestic was old Peggy ; of whom beyond her name, I know nothing. She may have been great, and no doubt was, if she did her duty with zeal and love to Peter Smellie. She inhabited the kitchen, and her master the parlour, attached to which was a small bed closet. The parlour was cold and stiff, like a cell for a condemned Pharisee. There was little furniture in it save an old sofa, whose hard bony skeleton had a hide of black haircloth over it, and a small round cushion of the same character, with rather bristly hairs, in a recess at the end of it. A few stuffed mahogany chairs were ranged along the wall ; an arm-chair beside the small fire, and a round table with a dark wax-cloth cover, completed the furniture of the apartment. There were, besides, a few old books of theology — which guaranteed Mr. Smellie’s orthodoxy, if not his reading ; a copy of “Buchan’s Domestic Medicine,” and a sampler which hung on the wall, sewed by his only sister, long dead, on which was worked a rude symbol of Castle Bannock, and three swans floating under it, nearly as large as the castle, while beneath all, amidst what was intended for flowers, were the symbols “For P. S. by M. S.”

Mr. Smellie sat near a small fire that

seemed like a yellow cairngorm shining amidst basalt, reading his newspaper, when a letter was laid upon his table by Peggy without any remark except, "A letter."

"From whom, Peggy?" asked Smellie.

"Dinna ken; was left on the counter."

Mr. Smellie opened it. No sooner did he recognize the signature, than he laid aside the paper—the *Edinburgh Courier*, even then long established.

He read the letter over and over again, very possibly a hundred times if one might judge from the time it remained in his hands. At last he put it down quietly, as if afraid it would make a noise, and stared at the small fire. He then paced across the room; lay down on the sofa; resumed his seat at the fire; took up the letter, again perused it, and again laid it slowly down. He alone could decipher his own thoughts while doing all this. For a time he was confused and bewildered, as if endeavouring to comprehend his altered position. It was to him as if some one whom he had hanged or murdered had come to life again. What was he to do now with reference to the Sergeant? This was what puzzled him—what could he do to save himself? He had felt safe in the hands of an honourable man—at a distance. He had in fact, during many years of comparative ease as to worldly things, almost forgotten this his old attempt at cheating. He had long ago repented, as he thought, of the crime; but that which was past had now risen from the dead, and God seemed to require it at his hands!

Had not his own continued sinfulness restored the dead past to life? It was a great shock for him to learn for the first time that his enemy, as he looked upon Adam, knew it all, and had him in his power. And then to learn also that the Sergeant had never divulged it! What could he do? Would he provoke Adam to blast his character, to triumph over him, to expose him to the Kirk Session and the parish? nay to—to banish him! Or would he repent truly of all this false, hollow past which was now being dimly revealed to him; confess his evil doing to the Sergeant, and ask his forgiveness, as well as that of God; trust his mercy, bless him for his generosity, acknowledge that he was the better man, and seek by a new and true life to imitate him? O Mr. Peter Smellie! this is indeed one of those moments in thy life on which a single step to the right or left may lead thee to light or darkness, to heaven or to hell. Thy soul, of immeasurable littleness estimated by the world, but of infinite greatness esti-

mated by eternal truth and righteousness is now engaged in a battle in which its eternal destiny is likely to be determined! Confront then the good and evil masters, God and mammon, who are contending for the mastery; serve the one and despise the other, and even thou mayest yet be great because good. But if not! then in a few minutes mayest thou be irrevocably on the road to thine own place; and though this will be nothing to Drumslyie, it will be everything to thee!

The battle went hard against Saul, and the Philistines of vanity, pride, and a wicked consistency were pressing hard upon him! One thing only, the easiest for the time, he determined to do, and that was to get out of the scrape—as his bad angel soothingly suggested—as speedily and as easily as possible. He must not keep up the quarrel longer with the Sergeant; this much seemed clear: for such a course was dangerous. He must also immediately assure John Spence of obedience to his commands. So, without delay, he wrote to Spence, imploring him, as he himself expected mercy from God, to be silent regarding the old crime; assuring him that he had mistaken the part he had taken in this most painful case, and promising him to do all he could to deliver the Sergeant out of trouble, which would be at once his duty and his pleasure. This letter, being written, was a great relief to his mind: it delivered him, as he hoped, from immediate danger at least, and enabled him to concentrate his acute faculties on the carrying out of his plans for securing his own safety.

His thoughts were for the moment broken by Eben announcing, as he was wont to do, a superior customer whom it was expedient for the master himself to serve. The customer on the present occasion was Miss Thomasina Porteous, who had come to purchase some article for herself, and a cheap shawl, out of the Session Charity Fund, for their poor, persecuted, common friend, as she called Mrs. Craigie.

Mr. Smellie was unusually silent: he did not respond to the order for Mrs. Craigie with his accustomed smile. After a little, Miss Thomasina blandly remarked, "The Sergeant is very ill, and I have no doubt from a bad conscience—there's no peace, you know, Mr. Smellie, to the wicked."

"I am aware!" said Mr. Smellie, drily. "This cheap shawl," he added, selecting and spreading out one before her, "is good enough, I suppose, for a pauper?"

"Considering all she has suffered from that man, I think she should get a better

one, or something in addition, Mr. Smellie," said the lady.

"Eben!" said Smellie, "go up-stairs. I wish to speak to Miss Porteous alone."

The boy disappeared.

"As a friend, Miss Porteous," whispered Smellie, "permit me to say, in *strictest confidence*—you understand?"

"Quite!" replied Miss Thomasina, with a look of intense curiosity.

"That I have learned some things about Mrs. Craigie," continued Mr. Smellie, "which should make us *extremely* cautious in helping or trusting her."

"Indeed!" said Miss Thomasina.

"And as regards the Sergeant," said Mr. Smellie, "there is—rightly or wrongly—is not the question—a strong sympathy felt for him in the parish. It is human nature to feel, you know, for the weak side, even if it is the worst side; and from my profound respect for our excellent minister, over whom you exercise such great and useful influence, I would advise"—

"That he should yield, Mr. Smellie?" interrupted Miss Thomasina, with an expression of wonder.

"No, no, Miss Porteous," replied the worthy Peter, "that may be impossible; but that we should allow Providence to deal with Adam. He is ill. The Doctor, I heard to-day, thinks it may come to typhus fever. He is threatened, at least; and"—

"He may die?" said the lady. "I hope not, poor man, for his own sake. It would be a solemn judgment!"

"I did not say die," continued Smellie; "but many things may occur—repentance—a new mind, &c. Anyhow," he added with a smile, "he should, in my very humble opinion, be dealt w<sup>th</sup> charitably—nay, I would say kindly. Our justice should be tempered w<sup>th</sup> mercy, so that no enemy could rejoice over us, and that we should feel a good conscience—the best o' blessings," he added, with a sigh—"as knowing that we had exhausted every means o' bringing him to a right mind; for, between us baith, and knowing your Christian principles, I do really houp that at heart he is a good man. Forgive me for hinting it, but I really believe it. Now, if he dees, we'll have no blame. So I say, or rather suggest, that, w<sup>th</sup> your leave, we should in the meantime let things alone, and say no more about this sad business. I leave you to propose this to our worthy minister."

"I think *our* kindness and charity, Mr. Smellie," replied Miss Porteous, "are not required at present. My word, no! My

poor brother requires both, not Mercer. See how he is petted! Those upstart Gordons have been sending him, I hear, all sorts of things: wine and grapes—grapes that even I tasted once only in my life, when my mother died. And Mrs. Gordon called on him yesterday in her carriage! It's absolutely ridiculous! I would even say an insult! tho' I'm sure I don't wish the man any ill—not I; but only that we must not spoil him, and make a fool of my brother and the Session, as if Mercer was innocent. I assure you my brother feels this sort of mawkish sympathy very much—very much."

"It is quite natural that he should do so," replied Mr. Smellie; "and so do I. But nevertheless, I again say we must be merciful; for mercy rejoiceth over judgment. So I say, let things alone for the present. Let us withdraw our hand when Providence begins to work;—in the meantime, in the meantime."

Miss Thomasina was not prepared for these new views on the part of the high-principled, firm, and consistent elder: they crossed her purpose. She had no idea of giving up the battle in this easy way. What had she to do with Providence? To stand firm and fast to principle was, she had ever been taught, the one thing needful; and until the Sergeant confessed his fault, it seemed to her as if he should be treated as a heathen and a publican!

Mr. Smellie very properly put in the saving clause, "But no waur—no waur, Miss Porteous." He also oiled his argument by presenting his customer with a new pair of gloves out of a parcel just received from Edinburgh, as evidence of his admiration for her high character.

The lady smiled and left the shop, and said she would communicate the substance of their conversation to her brother.

"Kindly, kindly, as becomes your warm heart," said Mr. Smellie. He also expressed a hope that the gloves would fit her fingers as neatly as in his heart he hoped his arguments would fit the mind of his minister.

Another diplomatic stroke in Mr. Smellie's extremity was to obtain the aid of his easy brother-elder, Mr. Menzies, to adjust matters with the Sergeant, so as to enable Mr. Porteous to back out of the ecclesiastical mess in which the Session had become involved.

"I have been thinking, my good friend," said Smellie to Menzies, as both were seated beside the twinkling fire in the sanctum over the draper's shop, "that possibly—possibly—we might men' matters atween

the Session and Sergeant Mercer. He is verra ill, an' the thoct is neither pleasant nor satisfactory to us that he should die — a providential event which *nicht* happen — wi' this scandal ower his head. I am willin', for aye, to do whatever is reasonable in the case, and I'm sure sae are ye; for ye ken, Mr. Menzies, there's nae man perfect' — nane! The fac is, I'm no perfect' mysel'!" confessed Mr. Smellie, with a look intended to express the humility of which he was profoundly unconscious.

Mr. Menzies, though not at all prepared for this sudden outburst of charity, welcomed it very sincerely. "I'm glad," said he, "to hear a man o' your influence in the Session say so" — for Menzies had himself personally experienced to a large degree the *dour* influence of the draper over him; and, though his better nature had often wished to rebel against it, yet the logical meshes of his more astute and strong-willed brother had hitherto entangled him. But now, with the liberty of speech granted in so genial a manner by Smellie, Mr. Menzies said, "I wull admit that Mr. Mercer was, until this unfortunate business happened, a maist respectable man — I mean he was apparently, and I wad fain houp sincerely — a quiet neebour, and a dounce elder. I never had cause to doot him till the day ye telt me he had been ance a poacher. But we mauna be ower hard, Mr. Smellie, on the sins o' youth, or even o' riper years. Ye mind the paraphrase —

"For while the lamp holds on to burn,  
The greatest sinner may return,"

I wad do anything that was consistent to get him oot o' this job wi' the minister an' the Session. But hoo can it be managed, Mr. Smellie?"

"I think," said Smellie, meditatively, "that if we could only get the minister pleased, things wad richt."

"Between oorsels as his frien's," said Menzies, with a laugh, "he's no easy to please when he taks a throw! But maybe we're as muckle to blame as him."

"That bird," remarked Smellie, as he poked up his almost extinguished fire, "has played a' the mischief! Could we no get it decently oot o' the way yet, Mr. Menzies?"

"What d'ye mean, neebour?" asked Menzies, looking puzzled.

"Weel, I'll tell ye," replied the draper. "The Sergeant and me, ye ken, cast oot; but you and him, as well as the wife, are friendly. Noo, what do ye say to seeing

them in a friendly way; and as the Sergeant is in bed" —

"They say its a fivver," interrupted Menzies, "and may come to be verra dangerous."

"Weel, a-weel," said Smellie, "in that case what I propose might be easier dune: the wife might gie you the bird, for peace sake — for conscience sake — for her guid-man's sake — and ye might do awa' wi't, and the Sergeant ken naething about it; for, ye see, being an auld sodger, he's prood as prood can be; and Mr. Porteous wud be satisfied, and maybe, for peace sake, wad never speer hoo it was done, and we wad hae a guid excuse for sayin' nae mair about it in the Session. If the Sergeant dee'd, nae haim would be done; if he got weel, he wad be thankfu' that the strammash was a' ower, and himsel' restored, wi'oot being pit aboot for his bird. Eh?"

"I wadna like to meddle wi' the cratur," said Menzies, shaking his head.

"But, man do ye no see," argued Smellie, "that it wad stultify you to refuse doing what is easier for you than for him to do? Hoo can ye blame him for no killing a pet o' his dead bairn, if ye wadna kill a strange bird yoursel'?"

"Can ye no kill't then?" asked Menzies.

"I wad hae nae difficulty in doing that — nane," said Smellie, "but they wadna trust me, and wadna lippen to me; but they wad trust you. It's surely your duty, Mr. Menzies, to do this, and mair, for peace."

"Maybe," said Menzies. "It's a cruel job. I'll think about it."

"Ay," said Smellie, putting his hand on his shoulder; "an' ye'll do it, too, when ye get the opportunity — I dianna say to kill't, that needna be; but onyhoo, to let it flee awa, — that's the plan! Try't. If the wife consents ye canna blame yersel'. I'm awfu' keen to get this job by, an' this stane o' offence oot o' the road. But mind, ye'll never, never, let on I bid ye, or it will blaw up the mercifu' plan. Will ye keep a quiet sough about me; whatever ye do? And, moreover, never breathe a word about the auld poaching business; I hae reasons for this, Mr. Menzies — reasons."

Such was Smellie's "game," as it might be called. For his own selfish ends he was really anxious to get Mr. Porteous to feel kindly towards the Sergeant, and to retrace as far as possible all the steps he had taken in the case. He was actuated by fear lest Adam, if crushed, should be induced to turn against him, and, in revenge, expose his

former dishonest conduct. There possibly mingled with this motive a slight feeling of admiration and gratitude for the generous part which Adam had played towards him — though it is just as likely that he hated Adam; — for there is nothing more hateful to a proud, bad man, than to be under an obligation to one whom he personally dislikes. It was very doubtful how far Mr. Porteous, from the strong and public position he had taken in the case, would, or could yield, unless he had opened up to him some such back-door of escape as Smellie was contriving. If this could be accomplished without himself being implicated, Smellie saw some hope of ultimate reconciliation, and the consequent removal on the Sergeant's part of the temptation to "peach."

Mr. Menzies was ill at ease. The work assigned to him by Smellie was not agreeable, and he was only induced to attempt its performance in the hope that the escape of the starling would lead ultimately to the restoration of Adam, and the quashing of all proceedings against him.

With these feelings he called upon Mrs. Mercer.

He was received very coldly by her. She associated him with what she called the "conspiracy," and felt grieved besides that he had never visited her husband during those previous weeks of trial. He was, as she expressed it, "a sight for sair een." Mr. Menzies made the best excuse he could, and described the circumstances in which he had been placed towards Adam as the reason why he had not visited her sooner. He said that however painful it was to him, he had nevertheless been obliged by his ordination vows to do his duty, and he hoped not in vain, as he might now be the means of making peace between his friend, Mr. Mercer, and the minister.

"I'm Charlie's bairn," said the Starling, just as Menzies had given a preliminary cough, and was about to approach the question which had chiefly brought him to the cottage. "I'm Charlie's bairn — a man's a man — kick kur — whitt, whitt."

The Starling seemed unable or unwilling to end the sentence; at last it came out clear and distinct — "a man's a man for a' that."

Mr. Menzies did not feel comfortable.

"I dinna wunner, Mrs. Mercer," at last he said, "at you and Adam likin' that bird! He is really enticing, and by ordinar, I maun confess."

"There's naething wrang wi' the bird," said Katie examining the seam of her apron,

and adding in an indifferent tone of voice, "if folk wad only let it alane, it's discreet, and wad haim naeboddy."

"I'm sure, Mrs. Mercer," he said, "I'm real sorry about the hale business; and I am resolved, if possible, to get Adam oot o' the han's o' the Session, and bring peace atween a' parties."

Katie shook her foot, twirled her thumbs, but said nothing.

"It's a pity indeed," the elder continued, "that a bird should come atween an office-bearer like Adam, and his minister and the Session! It's no richt — it's no richt; and yet neither you nor Adam could pit it awa, e'en at the request o' the Session, wi' yer ain haun's. Na, na — that *was* askin' ower muckle."

"Ye ken best, nae doot," said Katie, with a touch of sarcasm in her voice. "You and the Session hae made a bonnie job o' the guidman noo!"

"I'm grieved he's no weel," said Menzies; "but to be candid, Mrs. Mercer, it wasna a' the faut o' the Session at the warst, but pairtly his ain. He was ower stiff, and was neither to haud nor bin'."

"A bairn could haud him noo, and bin' him tae," said Katie.

"There's a chastisement in't," remarked Menzies, becoming slightly annoyed at Katie's cool reception of him. "He should hear the voice in the rod. Afflictions dinna come wi'oot a reason. They spring not from the ground. They're sent for a purpose; and ye should examine and search yer heart, Mrs. Mercer, in a' sincerity and humility, to ken *why* this affliction has come, and *at this time*," emphatically added Mr. Menzies.

"Nae doot," said Katie, returning to the hem of her apron.

The way seemed marvellously opened to Mr. Menzies, as he thought he saw Katie humbled and alive to the Sergeant's greater share of wrong in causing the schism. He felt as if the Starling were in his hand, — a fact of which the bird seemed ignorant, as he whistled "Wha'll be king but Charlie!"

Mr. Menzies continued — "If I could be only help to ye, Mrs. Mercer, I wad be proud and thankfu' to bring aboot friendship atween Adam and Mr. Porteous; and thus gie peace to puir Adam."

"Peace to Adam?" exclaimed Katie, looking up to the elder's face.

"Ay, peace to Adam," said Mr. Menzies, encouraged to open up his plan; "but, I fear, as lang as that bird is in the cage, peace wull never be."



Katie dropped her apron, and stared at Mr. Menzies as if she was petrified.

"Dinna think, dinna think," said Mr. Menzies, "that I propose to kill the bit thing" — Katie dropped her eyes again on her apron — "but," he continued, "I canna see what harm it wad do, and I think it wad do a bantle o' guid, if ye wad let me tak oot the cage, and let the bird flee awa' to sing wi' the lave o' birds."

Katie rose up, her face pale with — dare we say it? — suppressed passion. This address of Menzies was strength and comfort indeed in her affliction! She seized his arm, drew him gently to the door of her bedroom, which was so far open as to enable him to see Adam in his bed sound asleep. One arm of the Sergeant was extended over the bed, his face was towards them, and his grey locks escaped from under his nightcap; he looked calm and composed. Katie then led Menzies to the door, and he followed her as by a blind instinct. She then whispered in his ear —

"I wadna gie that man in health or sickness, life or death, for a' the Session! If he's no a Christian, I'm nane, for I want to be like him. If he hasna God's blessing, wae's me for the world! I daur ye to come here, and speak ill o' him, as if he was in ony faul! I daur ony o' ye touch his bird! As weel haw a grave for me as for Charlie's bairn! Tell that to Smellie — tell't to the parish, and lee me alane wi' my ain heart, my ain guidman, and my ain Saviour, to live or dee as the Almighty wills!"

Katie turned back into her kitchen, while poor Menzies walked out into the street, feeling no anger but much pain, and more than ever convinced that he had been made a tool of by Smellie, contrary to his own common sense and better feeling.

Menzies made a very short report of the scene to the draper, saying that he would wash his hands clean of the whole business; to which Smellie only said thoughtfully, as Menzies left his shop, "I wish I could do the same — but I'll try!"

Miss Thomasina had, in the meantime, told her brother what had taken place during her interview with Mr. Smellie. Mr. Porteous was amazed and confounded by the sudden and unaccountable revolution in his elder. But his own resolution to remain firm was as decided as ever; for there is a glory often experienced by some men when placed in circumstances where they stand alone — the glory of recognising themselves as being necessarily sufferers for conscience sake — of being above all earthly influences — of being firm, consistent, fear-

less, true to their principles, when others prove weak, cowardly, or compromising. Doubts and difficulties, from whatever source they come, are then looked upon as so many temptations; and the repeated resistance of them, as so many evidences of unswerving loyalty to truth. There is no genuine money but has a false coinage very like it in circulation. Members of the Drumslyle Session had genuine money, but also some amalgam that was not the pure gold though it glittered.

"I shall never yield one jot of my principles," Mr. Porteous said to Miss Thomasina, "come what may! Yield? Never! The man must and shall acknowledge his sin before the Kirk Session, should they meet, duly constituted, round his bed, before I can be reconciled to him!" And yet all this vehemence was in no small degree occasioned by the intrusion of better thoughts, which because they rebuked him were so unpleasant. His irritation measured on the whole very fairly his disbelief in the thorough soundness of his own position, and made him more willing than he had any idea of to be reconciled to Adam."

We need not report the conversation which immediately after this took place in the Manse between Smellie and Mr. Porteous. The draper was calm, smiling, and circumspect. He would follow Mr. Porteous into the darkest recesses of his den, in order to draw him out into his own light. He repeated all he had said to Miss Thomasina as to the necessity and advantage of leniency, forgiveness, and mercy; but apparently in vain. The minister was not verily "given to change." The case, he said, had been finally settled by the Session, and must go to the Presbytery, which alone could determine its final issue. But he was willing to reconsider the question as put by Mr. Smellie, and to meet his wishes if possible — though he did not see how. And so Smellie returned, to his room and went to bed, wishing he had left the Sergeant and his bird to their own devices; and Mr. Porteous retired to rest with very much the same feelings.

#### CHAPTER XIV. — THE SERGEANT'S SICKNESS AND HIS SICK NURSE.

DR. SCOTT, as the reader knows, visited Adam, and felt a great interest in his patient. The Doctor was a man of few words, very shy, and, as has been indicated, even abrupt and gruff, his only affectation being his desire to appear devoid of any feeling which



might, as it were, interfere with severe medical treatment or a surgical operation. He liked to be thought stern and decided. The fact was that his intense sympathy pained him, and he tried to steel himself against it. When he scolded his patients it was because they made him suffer so much, and because, moreover, he was angry with himself for being angry with them. He, therefore, affected unconcern at the very time when his anxiety for a patient made him sleepless, and compelled him often, when in bed, to read medical journals with the aid of a long yellow candle, instead of spending in sleep such portions of his night-life as the sick permitted him to enjoy. He had watched Adam's whole conduct as an elder — had heard much about his labours from the village patients — and, as the result of his observations, had made up his mind that he was a man of a rare and right stamp. When the "disturbance," as it was called, about the Starling agitated the community, few ever heard the Doctor express his opinion on the great question; but many listened to his loud laugh — wondering as to its meaning — when the case was mentioned, and when he only stroked his chin, as if to calm his merriment. Some friends who were more in his confidence heard him utter such phrases, in alluding to the matter, as — "only indigestion," "ecclesiastical hysteria," referring to forms of evil that are rarely dealt with in church courts.

His attendance on the Sergeant was, therefore, a duty which was pleasing to him. He was not very hopeful of success, however, from the time when the fever developed into typhoid of a malignant and extremely infectious type.

The first thing which the Doctor advised as necessary for the Sergeant's recovery, was the procuring of a sick nurse. Poor Katie protested against the proposal. What could any one do that she was not fit for? What cared she for sleep? She never at any time slept soundly — so she alleged — and could do with very little sleep; was easily wakened up — the scratch of a mouse would do it; and Adam would do *her* bidding, for he was always so good and kind: a stranger, moreover, would but irritate him, and "put her about." And who would assist? Who would risk their life? Had they not their own family to attend? Would they bring the fever into their own house? &c. &c.

"Na, na," she concluded, "lee Adam to me, and God will provide!"

So she argued, as taught by observation and experience; for most people in our

country villages — now as then — are apt to be seized with panic in the presence of any disease pronounced to be dangerous and contagious. To procure, therefore, a nurse for the sick, except among near relations, is extremely difficult; unless it be some worthless creature who will drink the wine poured out for the patient, or consume the delicacies left for his nourishment. We have known, when cholera broke out in a country town in Scotland, a stranger nurse refused even lodgings in any house within it, lest she should spread the disease!

It was a chill and gusty evening, and Katie sat beside the fire in the Sergeant's room, her mind full of "hows" and "whens," and tossed to and fro by anxiety about her Adam, and questionings as to what she should or could do for his comfort. The rising wind shook the bushes and tree-tops in the little garden. The dust in clouds hurried along the street of the village. The sky was dark with gathering signs of rain. There was a depressing sadness in the world without, and little cheer in the room within. The Sergeant lay in a sort of uneasy restless dose, sometimes tossing his hands, starting up and asking where he was, and then falling back again on his pillow with a heavy sigh. Although his wife was not seriously alarmed she was nevertheless very miserable at heart, and felt unutterably lonely. But for her quiet faith in God, and the demand made upon her for active exertion, she would have yielded to passionate grief, or fallen into sullen despair.

Her thoughts were suddenly disturbed by little Mary telling her that some one was at the street door. Bidding Mary take her place, she hastened to the kitchen and opened the door. Jock Hall entered, in his usual unceremonious way.

"Ye needna speak, Mistress Mercer," he said as he sat down on a chair near the door; "I ken a' about it!"

Katie was as much startled as she was the first time he entered her house. His appearance as to dress and respectability was, however, unquestionably improved.

"Jock Hall, as I declare!" exclaimed Katie in a whisper.

"The same, at yer service; and yet no jist the same," replied Jock in as low a voice.

"Ye may say sae," said Katie. "What's come ower ye? Whaur hae ye been? Whaur got ye thae claes? Ye're like a gentleman, Jock!"

"I houp sae," replied Hall; "I oucht to be sae; I gat a' this frae Adam."

"The guidman?" inquired Katie; "that's impossible! He never had claes like thae!"

"Claes or no claes," said Jock, "it's him I got them frae."

"I dinna understan' hoo that could be," said Katie.

"Nor me," said Jock; "but *sae* it is, and never heed the noo *hoo* it is. I'm come, as usual, on business."

"Say awa," said Katie, "but speak laigh. It's nae shoon ye're needin', I houp? For" —

Jock waved his hand as if to silence her, and proceeded —

"I'm telt my frien' — I mean the Sergeant — is awfu' ill wi' a fyver that's deedly smittal."

We may here explain that Jock had previously called upon Dr. Scott, and thrusting his head into the surgery — his body and its new dress being concealed by the half-opened door — had asked —

"Is't true that Sergeant Mercer is awfu' ill wi' a smittal fyver?"

The Doctor, who was writing some prescription, on discovering who the person was who put this question, said no more in reply than — "Deadly! deadly! so ye need not trouble them, Jock, by begging at their door — be off!"

"Mrs Mercer," replied Jock, "wull need a nurse — wull she?"

"No doubt," replied the doctor with a smile, "but I have no time to speak to *you* on such business; you had better go and get your friend Mrs. Craigie. She'll help Mary."

"Thank ye!" said Jock, and disappeared.

But to return to his interview with Mrs. Mercer.

"I'm telt, Mrs. Mercer," he said, "that the Sergeant needs some nurse — that is, as I understan', some one that wad watch him day and nicht, and keep their een open like a whirrat; somebody that wadna heed hae-in' muckle tae do, and that could haud a guid, but friendly grip o' Mr. Mercer gif his nerves rise. An' I hae been thinkin' ye'll fin't a bother tae get sic a bodie in Drumslyie — unless, maybe, one that wad wark for a hantle o' siller; some decent woman like Luckie Craigie, wha might" —

"Dinna bother me the noo, Jock, wi' gny nonsense," said Katie, "I'm no fit for't. If ye need onything yersel', tell me what it is, and, if possible, I'll gie ye't; for I maun gang back tae the room."

"Ay," said Jock, "that's jist it. I want something frae ye, and I houp I'll get it. I

want an extraordinary favour o' ye; for, as I was sayin', ye'll fin't ill tae get only one to watch Mr. Mercer. But if I get ane that doesna care for his life — that respects and loes Adam — that wadna take a bawbee o' siller" —

"I'll pay them decently," interrupted Katie.

"And that," continued Jock, as if not interrupted, "has strength tae watch wi' leevin' man or woman, — what wad ye say?"

"If there's sic a bodie in the toon as that," said Katie, "I wad be blythe tae try them; no tae fix them, maybe, but to try, as the Doctor insists on't."

"Weel," said Jock, "the favour I hae to ax, altho' it's ower muckle, is to let me try my han' — let me speak, and dinna laugh at me! I'm no feered for death, as I hae been mony a time feered for life. I hae had by ordinar experience watchin', ye ken, as a poacher, fisher, and a' that kin' o' thing, sin' I was a bairn; sae I can sleep wi' my een open; and I'm strong, for I hae thrashed keepers, and tailors, and a' sorts o' folk; fae, I was tempted to gie a blue ee tae Smellie! But let sleepin' dogs lie."

Katie was taken so much aback by this speech as to let Jock go on without interruption; but she at last exclaimed — "Ye're a kind cratur, Jock, and I'm muckle obleeged to you; but I really canna think o't. It'll no work; it wad pit ye aboot, an' mak' a cleish-me-claver in the toon; an' — an'" —

"I care as little for the toon," said Jock, "as the toon cares for me! Ye'll no be bothered wi' me, mind, gif ye let me help ye. I hae got clean peace strae for a bed frae Geordie Miller the carrier, and a sackfu' for a bowster; and I ken ye hae a sort o' laft, and I'll pit up there; and it's no aften I hae sic a bed; and could parritch or could praties wull dae for my meat, an' I need nae mair; an' I hae braw thick stock-in's — I can pit on twa pair if necessar', tae walk as quiet as a cat stealin' cream; sae gif ye'll let me, I'll do my best endeavour to help ye."

"Oh, Jock, man!" said Mrs. Mercer, "ye're unco guid. I'll think o't — I'll think o't, and speer at the Doctor — I wull, indeed; and if sae be he needs — Whisht! What's that?" ejaculated Katie, starting from her chair, as little Mary entered the kitchen hurriedly, saying —

"Come fast, mither!"

Katie was in a moment beside her husband, who for the first time manifested symptoms of violent excitement, declaring

that he must rise and dress for church, as he heard the eight o'clock bells ringing. In vain she expostulated with him in the tenderest manner. He ought to rise, he said, and would rise. Was he not an elder? and had he not to stand at the plate? and would he, for any consideration, be late? What did she mean! Had she lost her senses! And so on.

This was the climax of a weary and terribly anxious time for Katie. For some nights she had, as she said, hardly "bood na ee," and every day her lonely sorrow was becoming truly "too deep for tears." The unexpected visit of even Jock Hall had helped for a moment to cause a reaction and to take her out of herself; and now that she perceived beyond doubt, what she was' slow hitherto to believe, that her husband "wasna himsel'" — nay, that even *she* was strange to him, and was addressed by him in accents and with expressions betokening irritation towards her, and with words which were, for the first time, wanting in love, she became bewildered, and felt as if God had indeed sent her a terrible chastisement. It was fortunate, indeed, that Hall had called — for neither her arguments nor her strength could avail on the present occasion. She immediately summoned Jock to her assistance. He quickly cast off his boots, and approached the bed softly and gently. With a strong hand he laid the Sergeant back on his pillow, saying, "Ye will gang to the kirk, Sergeant, but I maun tell ye something afore ye gang. Ye'll mind Jock Hall? him that ye gied the boots to? An' ye'll mind Mr. Spence? I hae got an erran' frae him to you. He said ye wad be glad tae hear't."

The Sergeant stared at Jock with a half-excited, half-stupid gaze. But the chain of his associations had for a moment been broken, and he was quiet as a child, the bells ringing no more, as he paused to hear the message from Spence the keeper. Jock's first experiment at nursing had proved successful. He was permitted, therefore, for that night only, as Katie said, to occupy the loft, to which he brought his straw bed and straw bolster; and his presence proved, more than once during the night, an invaluable aid.

The Doctor called next morning. Among his other causes for anxiety, one, and not the least, had been the impossibility of finding a respectable nurse. He was therefore not a little astonished to discover Jock Hall, the "ne'er-do-weel," well dressed, and seated beside the Sergeant. He did not at first ask any explanations of so unexpected a

phenomenon, but at once admitted that he was better than none. But before leaving, and after questioning Jock, and studying his whole demeanour, and, moreover, after hearing something about him from Mrs. Mercer, he smiled and said, "Keep him by all means — I think I can answer for him;" and muttering to himself — "Peculiar temperament — hysterical, but curable with diet — a character — will take fancies — seems fond of the Sergeant — contagious fever — we shall try him by all means."

"Don't drink?" he abruptly asked Jock.

"Like a beast," Jock replied; "for a beast drinks jist when he needs it, Doctor, and sae div I; but I dinna need it, and winna need it, I noo think, a' my days."

"You'll do," said the Doctor; and so Jock was officially appointed to be Adam's nurse.

Adam Mercer lay many weary days with the fever heavy upon him — like a ship lying to in a hurricane, all the waves and billows pressing on her, while the question is, which will last longest, the storm or the ship? Those who have watched beside a lingering case of fever can alone comprehend the effect which intense anxiety, during a few weeks only, caused by the hourly conflict of "hopes and fears that kindle hope, an undistinguishable throng," produces on the whole nervous system.

Katie was brought into deep waters. She had never taken it home to herself that Adam might die. Their life had hitherto been quiet and even — so like, so very like, was day to day, that no storm was anticipated as likely to disturb the blessed calm. Now at the prospect of losing him, and being left alone in the wide, wide wilderness, without her companion and guide — her earthly all, in spite of the unearthly links of faith and love that bound them — her whole flesh shrunk as from the approach of a terrible enemy. Then it was that old truths lying in her heart were summoned to her aid, to become practical powers in this her hour of need. She recalled all she had learned as to God's ends in sending affliction, with the corresponding duties of a Christian in receiving it. She was made to realise in her experience the gulf which separates *knowing* from *being* and *doing* — the right theory from the right practice. And thus it was that during a night of watching she fought a great battle in her soul between her own will and God's will, in her endeavour to say, not with her lips, for that was easy, but from her heart, "Thy will be done!" Often did she exclaim to herself, "Na, God forgie me, but I canna

say 't !" and as often resolved, that "say 't she wad or dee." At early morn, when she opened the shutters, after a long and weary time of this mental struggle, and saw the golden dawn pouring its effulgence of glory along the eastern sky, steeping the clouds with splendours of every hue from the sun of heaven, which as yet itself was unseen; and heard the birds salute his coming — the piping thrush and blackbird beginning their morning hymn of praise, a gush of love and holy confidence filled her heart, as if through earth and sky she heard the echo of her Father's name. Then, losing herself in the universal peace, she sank down on her knees, beside the old arm-chair, and with a flood of tears that eased her bursting heart, she cried, "Father! Thy will be done!"

In a short time she rose with a feeling of peace and freedom at her heart, such as she had never hitherto experienced in her best and happiest hours. A great weight of care seemed removed, as if lifted off by some mighty hand; and though she could not say that she was prepared for whatever might happen, she had yet an assured confidence in the goodness of One who would prepare her, and whose grace would be sufficient for her in any hour of need.

The interest felt by the parish generally, on the Sergeant's dangerous state becoming known, was very great and sincere. In the presence of his sufferings, with which all could more or less sympathise — whether from their own experience of sorrow, from family bereavements, or from the consciousness of their own liability to be at any moment visited with dangerous sickness — his real or supposed failings were for the time covered with a mantle of charity. It was not for them to strike a sorely wounded man.

Alas! for one that will rejoice with those who rejoice, many will weep with those who weep. Sympathy with another's joy is inseparable from the unselfishness of love. But sympathy with sorrow may co-exist with the pride of pity.

But it is neither gracious nor comforting to scrutinise too narrowly the motives which influence human nature in its mixture of good and evil, its weakness and strength. We know that we cannot stand such microscopic examination ourselves, and ought not, therefore, to apply it to others.

Enough that much real sympathy was felt for Adam. Some of its manifestations at an earlier stage of his illness were alluded to by Miss Thomasina in her conversation with Mr. Smellie. It was true that Mrs. Gordon had called, in her carriage, and

that repeatedly, to inquire for him — a fact that greatly impressed those in the neighbourhood who had treated him as a man far beneath them. Mr. Gordon had been unremitting in quiet attentions; and Mrs. Mercer was greatly softened, and her heart delivered from its hard thoughts of many of her old acquaintances, by the kind and constant inquiries which day by day were made for her husband. Little Mary had to act as a sort of daily bulletin as she opened the door to reply to those who "speeked for the Sergeant;" but no one entered the dwelling from the natural fears entertained of the fever.

Would it not be well if those who act on the principle of saying all that is good about the dead, were to spend some portion of their charity upon them while living? Their *post mortem* store would not be diminished by such previous expenditure. No doubt it is "better late than never;" but would it not be better still if it was never so late? perhaps not. So far as the good man himself is concerned, it may be better that the world should not learn the many premiums he has paid for the good of posterity until all is returned, like his insurance policy, with a goodly sum, after he is screwed down in his coffin.

#### CHAPTER XV. — MR. PORTEOUS VISITS THE SERGEANT.

BUT what was the minister thinking about during the Sergeant's illness? His principles were sufficiently strong to meet the occasion; and one of them was, to visit the sick in his parish, whatever the nature of their sickness might be. He was not a man to flinch from what he saw to be his duty. Cowardice was not among his weaknesses. It would be unjust not to say that he was too real, too decided, too stern for that. Yielding to feelings of any kind, whether from fear of consequences to himself, physically, socially, or ecclesiastically, was not his habit. He did not suspect — nor would he have been pleased with the discovery had he made it — that there was in him a softer portion of his being by which he could be influenced, and which could, in favourable circumstances, dominate over him. There were in him, as in every man, holy instincts stronger than his strongest logic.

When he ascertained that the Sergeant was ill — very ill, delirious — nay, that the fever was highly contagious, he determined to visit him. He also put — not from feel-

ing, as he said, but from a sense of duty — in each of his great-coat pockets, a bottle of his best port wine for Mr. Mercer, of which he had, possibly, not more than a dozen in his cellar. He had many mingled thoughts as he knocked, one Saturday — in spite of his "preparations" — at the cottage door, which, as usual, was opened by Mary. Recognising the minister, she went to summon Mrs. Mercer from the Sergeant's room; while Mr. Porteous stood with his back to the kitchen fire, and once more gazed at the Starling, who again returned his gaze as calmly as on the memorable morning when they were first introduced.

Mrs. Mercer did not immediately appear, as she was disrobing herself of some of her night-gear — laying aside her flannel cap and large shawl, and making herself more tidy. Mary, as she peeped through the partially opened door, saw the minister giving a bit of bread that was on the table to the Starling. Though the bird did not acknowledge the gift except by a few gutturals, yet he was pleased to accept it as a token of good-will, for he ate it with evident satisfaction, and cleaned his beak as if for other occupation.

Katie soon emerged from the room, from which no sound came save an occasional heavy sigh, and mutterings from Adam, in his distress. Her hair was dishevelled, her face pale, her step tottering, and years seemed to have been added to her age. Her eyes had no tear to dim their earnest and half-abstracted gaze. This visit of the minister, which she instinctively interpreted as one of sympathy and good-will — how could it be else? — at once surprised and delighted her. It was like a sudden burst of sunshine, which began to thaw her heart, and also to brighten the future. She sat down beside Mr. Porteous, who, with outstretched hand advanced to meet her; and holding his hand with a firm grasp, she gazed into his face with a look of silent but unutterable sorrow. He turned his face away. "Oh! sir," at last she said, "God bless you — God bless you for comin'! I'm lanely, lanely, and my heart is like to break. It's kind, kind o' ye;" and still holding his hand, while she covered her eyes with her apron as she rocked to and fro in the anguish of her spirit; "the loss," she continued, "o' my wee pet was sair — ye ken what it was to us baith," and she looked at the empty cot opposite, "when ye used to sit here, and he there — but oh! it was naething to this, naething to this!"

The minister was not prepared for this welcome, nor for this mark of unbounded

confidence on Katie's part revealed in her open heart, which poured itself out before him. He returned the pressure of her hand, and said —

"Be comforted, Mrs. Mercer! It is the Lord! He alone, not man, can aid."

Katie gently withdrew her hand from his, as if she felt that she was taking too great a liberty, and as if for a moment the cloud of the last few weeks had returned and shadowed her confidence in his good-will to her. The minister, too, could not at once dismiss a feeling of awkwardness from his mind, though he sincerely wished to do so. He had seldom come into immediate contact, and never in circumstances like the present, with such simple and unfeigned sorrow.

"Oh, sir," she said, "ye little ken hoo Adam respeckit and lo'ed ye. He never, never bood his knee at the chair ye're sittin' on wi'oot prayin' for you — prayin' for a blessin' on yourself, on your wark, an' on your preaching. I'm sure, if ye had only heard him the last time he came frae the kirk" — the minister recollected that this was after his deposition by the Session — "hoo he wrestled for the grace o' God tae be wi' ye, it wad hae dune yer heart guid and greatly encouraged you. Forgie me for sayin' this: but eh, he was, and is, a precious man; tho' he'll no be lang wi' us noo!" And Katie, without weeping, again rocked to and fro.

The minister opened his heart to all Mrs. Mercer said, and her words dropped into it, without any argument to prepare their way, like drops of dew.

"He is a good man," he replied; "yes, a good man is Adam; and I pray God his life may be spared."

"O thank ye, thank ye!" said Katie. "Ay, pray God his life may be spared — and mine too, for I'll no survive him; I canna do't! nae mair could wee Mary!"

Mary was all the while eagerly listening at the door, which was not quite closed, and as she heard those words and the low cry from her "mother" beseeching the minister to pray, she ran out, and falling down before him, with muffled sobs hid her face in the folds of his great-coat, and said, "Oh, minister, dinna let father dee! dinna let him dee!" And she clasped and clapped the knees of him whom she thought had mysterious power with God.

The minister lifted up the agonised child, patted her fondly on the head, and then gazed on her thin but sweet face. She was pale from her self-denying labours in the sick room.



"Ye maun excuse the bairn," said Katie, "for she haesna been oot o' the hoose except for an errand sin' Adam grew ill. I canna get her tae sleep or eat as she used to do — she's sae fond o' the guidman. I'm awfu' behadden tae her. Come here, my wee wife." And Mrs. Mercer pressed her head and tearful face to her bosom, where Mary's sobs were smothered in a large brown shawl. "She's no strong, but extraordinar' speerity," continued Mrs. Mercer in a low voice and apologetically to Mr. Porteous; "and ye maun just excuse us baith."

"I think," said the minister, in a sad voice, "it would be good for us all to engage in prayer."

They did so.

Just as they rose from their knees, the slight noise which it occasioned — for hitherto the conversation had been conducted in whispers — caused the Starling to leap up on his perch. Then with clear accents, that rung over the silent house, he said, "I'm Charlie's bairn!"

Katie looked up to the cage, and for the first time in her life felt something akin to downright anger at the bird. His words seemed to her to be a most unseasonable interruption — a text for a dispute — a reminiscence of what she did not wish then to be recalled.

"Whisht, ye impudent cratur!" she exclaimed; adding, as if to correct his rudeness, "ye'll disturb yer maister."

The bird looked down with his head askance, and scratched it as if puzzled and asking "What's wrong?"

"Oh," said Katie, turning to the minister as if caught in some delinquency, "it's no my faut, sir; ye maun forgie the bird; he doesna ken better."

"Never mind, never mind," said Mr. Porteous, kindly, "it is but a trifle, and not worthy of our notice at such a solemn moment; it must not distract our minds from higher things."

"I'm muckle obleeged to ye, sir," said Katie, rising and making a curtsy. Feeling, however, that a crisis had come from which she could not escape if she would, she bid Mary "gang ben and watch, and shut the door." When Mary had obeyed, she turned to Mr. Porteous and said, "Ye maun excuse me, sir, but I canna thole ye to be angry about the bird."

"Pray say nothing more of that business. I implore you, Mrs. Mercer, just now," said Mr. Porteous, putting his hand kindly on her arm; "there is no need for it."

This did not deter Katie from uttering what was now oppressing her heart more

than ever, but rather encouraged her in it.

"Ye maun let me speak, or I'll burst," she said. "Oh, sir, it has been an awfu' grief this — just awfu' to us baith. But dinna, dinna think Adam was to blame as muckle as me. I'm in faut, no him. It wasna frae want o' respec' to you, sir; na, na, that couldna be; but frae love to our bairn, that was sae uncommon ta'en up wi' yer-self."

"I remember the lovely boy well," said Mr. Porteous.

"Naeboddy that ever see'd him," continued Katie. "but wad mind him — his bonnie een like blabs o' dew, and his bit mooth that was sae sweet tae kiss. An' ye mind the nicht he dee'd, hoo he clapped yer head when ye were prayin there at his bedside, and hoo he said his ain wee prayer; and hoo" — Here Katie rose in rather an excited manner, and opened a press, and taking from it several articles, approached the minister and said — "See, there's his shoon, and there's his frock; and this is the clean cap and frills that was on his bonnie head when he lay a corp; and that was the whistle he had when he cracked wi' the bird, and gied him a bit o' his piece; and it was the last thing he did, when he couldna eat, to insist on me giein' a wee bit tae his bairn, as he ca'ed it, ye ken; and he grat when he was sae waik that he couldna whistle till't. O, my bairn, my bonnie bairn!" she went on, in low accents of profound sorrow, as she returned to the press these small memorials of a too cherished grief.

"You must not mourn as those who have no hope, my friend," said the minister; "your dear child is with Jesus."

"Thank ye, sir, for that," said Katie, but continued to press towards the point she had in view. "An' it was me hindered Adam frae killin' my bairn's pet," she continued, resuming her seat beside the minister. "He said he wad throttle it, or cast it into the fire."

The minister shook his head, remarking, "Tut tut! that would never do."

"That's what I said," continued Katie; "an' whan he rowed up the sleeves o' his sark, and took haud o' the bit thing tae thrav his neck, I wadna let him, but daured him to do it; and I ken't ye wad hae dune the same, fur the sake o' wee Charlie, that was sae fond o' you. O forgie me, forgie him, if I was wrang! A mither's feelings are no easy hauden doon!"

Was this account the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Per-

haps not. But then, good brother or sister, I defend not even this weary mourner from thee! Take the first stone and cast it at her! Yet methinks as you do so, I see the Perfect One writing on the ground; and if He is writing her condemnation, 'tis in the dust of earth, which will soon be covered over.

"No more about this painful affair, I beseech you," said the minister, taking a very large and long pinch of snuff; "let us rather try and comfort Adam. That is our present duty."

"God Himself bless ye!" said Katie kissing the back of his hand; "but ye maunna gang near him; dinna risk yer valuable life; the fivver is awfu' smittal. Dr. Scott wull let naeboddy in."

"And have you no nurse?" inquired Mr. Porteous.

This question recalled to her mind what seemed another mysterious stumbling-block. She knew not what to say in reply. Jock Hall was at that moment seated like a statue beside the bed, and what would the minister think when he saw this representative of parish wickedness in an elder's house?

She had no time for lengthened explanations; all she said, therefore, was, "The only nurse Dr. Scott and me could get was nae doot a puir bodie, yet awfu' strang and fit tae haud Adam doon, when aside himself; and he had nae fear o' his life—and was a gratefu' cratur—and had taen a great notion o' Adam, and being kin' o' reformed—that—that I maun jist confess, the nurse is Jock Hall."

"Jock Hall!" exclaimed the minister lifting his eyebrows with an expression of astonishment; "is it possible? But I leave to you and the Doctor the selection of a nurse. It is a secular matter, with which officially I have nothing to do. My business is with spiritual things; let me therefore see the Sergeant. I have no fear. I'm in God's hands. All I have to do is my duty. That is my principle."

"Jist let me ben a minute first," asked Katie.

She went accordingly to the room and whispered to Jock, "Gang to the laft; the minister is comin' ben.—Quick!"

"Mind what ye're aboot!" said Jock, pointing to his patient. "Be canny—be canny—nae preachin', or ye'll rue't."

As the minister entered the room he saw Jock Hall rapidly vanishing from behind the door like a spectre, as he stole to his den among the straw.

Mr. Porteous stood beside the Sergeant's

bed, and Katie said to her husband, bending over him—

"This is the minister, Adam, come to see you."

She somehow felt it right that he should know the fact.

"God bless you and give you his peace!" said Mr. Porteous in a low voice.

The Sergeant opened his eyes, and slowly turned his head, breathing hard, and gazing with a vacant stare at his pastor.

"Do you know me, Adam?" asked the minister.

The Sergeant gave the military salute and replied, "We are all ready, Captain! Lead! we follow! and please God to victory!" He was evidently in the "current of the heady fight," and in his delirious dreams fancied that he was once more one of a forlorn hope about to advance to the horrors of the breach of a beleagured city, or to mount the ladder to scale its walls. Closing his eyes and clasping his hands, he added with a solemn voice, "And now, my God, enable me to do my duty! I put my trust in thee! If I die, remember my mother. Amen. Advance, men! Up! Steady!"

The minister did not move or speak for a few seconds, and then said, "It is peace, my friend—not war. It is your own minister who is speaking to you."

Suddenly the Sergeant started and looked upward with an open, excited eye, as if he saw something. A smile played over his features. Then with a tone of voice tremulous with emotion, and his arms stretched towards some silent object, he said, "My boy—my darling! You there! Oh, yes. I'm coming to you. Quick, comrades! Up!" A moment's silence, and then if possible a steadier gaze with a look of rapture. "Oh, my wee Charlie! I hear ye! Is the starling livin'? Ay, ay—that it is? I dinna kill't! Hoo could ye think that! It was dear to you, and was therefore dear to me and to your mither—an'—Then covering his face with his hands he said, "Oh! whatna licht is that? I canna thole't it's sae bricht! It's like the Son o' man!"

He fell back exhausted into what seemed an almost unconscious state.

"He's gane—he's gane!" exclaimed Katie.

"He's no gane! gie him the brandy!" said Jock, as he slipped rapidly into the room from the kitchen; for Jock was too anxious to be far away. In an instant he had measured out the prescribed quantity of brandy and milk in a spoon, and, lifting

the Sergeant's head, he said, "Tak it, my bonnie man!" The Sergeant obeyed as if he was a child; and then whispering to Katie, Jock said, "The doctor telt ye, woman, to keep him quiet;" and then he slipped again out of the room.

The Sergeant returned to his old state of quiet repose.

Mr. Porteous stood in silence stroking his chin. Seizing the fevered hand of the Sergeant he fervently said, "God bless and preserve you, my dear friend!" Then turning to Mrs. Mercer, he motioned her to accompany him to the kitchen. But for a few seconds he gazed out of the window blowing his nose. At length, turning round and addressing her, he said, "I have taken the liberty of placing these two bottles of my own port in that corner for Mr. Mercer. Be assured that I feel deeply for you. Do not distrust me. Let me only add that if Mary *must* be taken out of the house for a time to escape infection, as I am disposed to think she should be, I will take her to the Manse, if I cannot find another place for her as good as this — which would be difficult."

"Oh, Mr. Porteous! I maun thank ye for" —

"Not a word, not a word of thanks, Mrs. Mercer," interrupted the minister; "it is my duty. But rely on my friendship for you and yours. The Lord has smitten, and it is for us to bear;" and shaking her hand cordially, he left the house.

"God's ways are not our ways," said Katie to herself, "and He kens hoo to mak' a way o' escape out o' every trial."

#### CHAPTER XVI. — THE UPSHOT.

As the minister walked along the street, with the old umbrella, his inseparable companion in all kinds of weather, wet or dry, under his arm, and with his head rather bent as if in thought, he was met by Mrs. Cragie, who suddenly darted out — for she had been watching his coming — from the "close" in which she lived, and curtsied humbly before him.

"Beg parlon, sir," she said, "it's a fine day — I houp ye're weel. Ye'll excuse me, sir."

"What is it? what is it?" asked Mr. Porteous, in rather a sharp tone of voice.

"Weel," she said, cracking her fingers as if in a puzzle, "I just thought if my dear wee Mary was in ony danger frae the fiver at the Sergeant's, I wad be willint — oo ay,

real willint — for freendship's sake, to tak her in."

"Very possibly you would," replied Mr. Porteous, drily, "and if I think this advisable I shall let you know. But my own decided opinion at present is, that in all probability she won't need your kindness."

"Thank ye, sir," said the meek Cragie, whose expression need not be analysed as she looked after Mr. Porteous, who paced on with his usual step to Mr. Smellie's shop.

No sooner had he entered the "mercantile establishment" of this distinguished draper, than with a nod he asked its worthy master to follow him up to the sanctum. The boy was charged to let no one interrupt them.

When both were seated in the confidential retreat — the scene of many a small parish plot and plan, — Mr. Porteous said, "I have just come from visiting our friend, Adam Mercer."

"Indeed," replied Smellie, as he looked rather anxious and drew his chair away. "I'm telt it's most dangerous and deadly."

"Are *you* afraid? An elder? Mr. Smellie!"

"Me; I'm not frightened," replied the elder, as he drew his chair back to its former position nearer that of his minister. "I wasn't thinking what I was doing. How did ye find the worthy man? for worthy he is, in spite o' his great fauts — in fact, I might say, his sins."

"I need not, Mr. Smellie," said Mr. Porteous, "now tell you all I heard and witnessed, but I may say in general that I was touched — very much touched by the sight of that home of deep sorrow. Poor people!" and Mr. Porteous seemed disposed to fall into a reverie.

If there is any thing which can touch the selfish heart and draw it forth into brotherly sympathy, it is the coming into personal contact with a good man who suffers from causes beyond his will. The sense is awakened of the presence of a higher power dealing with him, and thus averting the arm disposed to strike. We dare not smite one in the hands of God. It kindles in us a feeling of dependence on the same omnipotent power, and quickens the consciousness of our own deserts were we dealt with according to our sins. There is in all affliction a shadow of the cross, which must harden or soften — lead us upward or drag us downward. If it awakens the pride of pity only in those who stand afar off, it opens up the life-springs of sympathy in those who draw nigh.

Mr. Smellie was so far off from the Sergeant that he had neither pity nor sympathy: the minister's better nature had been touched, the shell of the nut had been pierced, and he now possessed both.

"I hope," said Smellie, "ye will condescend to adopt my plan of charity with him. Ye ken, sir, I aye stand by you. I recognise you as my teacher and guide, and it's not my part to lead, but to follow. Yet if ye *could* see — oh, if ye *could* see your way, in consistency, of course, with principle, to — ye understand, sir? I hope I do not offend. I'm for peace; more especially as the Doctor thinks he may recover."

And if he should recover, Mr. Smellie, thy charity might induce him to think well of thee. Is that your plan?

"Recover," said Mr. Porteous, with a sigh, "I fear not. He is feeble, the fever is strong."

"Maybe, then, it might be as well to say nothing about this business until, in Providence, it is determined whether he lives or dies?" inquired the elder.

Did he now think that if the Sergeant died he would be freed from all difficulty, as far as Adam was concerned? Ah, thou art an unstable because double-minded man, Mr. Smellie!

"I have been thinking," Mr. Porteous went on to say, "that, as it is a principle of mine to meet as far as possible the wishes of my people — as far as *possible*, observe, that is, in consistency with higher principles — I am quite willing to meet *your* wishes, and those of the Session, should they agree with yours, and to recognise in the Sergeant's great affliction the hand of a chastening Providence, and as such to accept it. And instead, therefore, of our demanding, as we had a full right to do in our then knowledge of the case, any personal sacrifice on the part of the poor Sergeant — a sacrifice, moreover, which I now feel would be — but we need not discuss again the painful question, or open it up; it is *res judicata*. But if you feel yourself free at our first meeting of Session to move the withdrawal of the whole case, on the several points I have hinted at, and which I shall more fully explain to the Session, and if our friend Mr. Menzies is disposed to second your motion, I am willing to yield — I won't object."

Mr. Smellie was sincerely disposed, for reasons known to the reader, to agree with Mr. Porteous in his view of the case. He perceived at once that his being the originator of such a well-attested and official move-

ment as was proposed on behalf of the Sergeant would be such a testimonial in his favour as would satisfy John Spence should the Sergeant die; and also have the same good results with all parties, as far as his own personal safety was concerned, should the Sergeant live.

With this understanding they parted.

Next day in church Mr. Porteous offered up a very earnest prayer for "one of our members, and an office-bearer of the congregation, who is in great distress," adding the petition that his invaluable life might be spared, and his wife comforted in her great distress. One might hear a pin fall while these words were being uttered; and never did the hearts of the congregation respond with a truer "Amen" to their minister's supplications.

At the next meeting of Session, Mr. Smellie brought forward his motion in most becoming and feeling terms. Indeed, no man could have appeared more feeling, more humble, or more charitable. Mr. Menzies seconded the motion with real good-will. Mr. Porteous then rose and expressed his regret that duty, principle, and faithfulness to all parties had compelled him to act as he had hitherto done; but he added that from the interview he had had with Mrs. Mercer, and from the scene of solemn and afflicting chastisement he had witnessed in the Sergeant's house, and from his desire always to meet the wishes of his Kirk Session, he was disposed to recommend Mr. Smellie's motion to their most favourable consideration.

The motion was received with much surprise and pleasure by the minority. Mr. Gordon, in his own name, and in the name of those who had supported him, thanked their worthy Moderator for the kind and Christian manner in which he had acted. All protests and appeals to the Presbytery were withdrawn, and a minute to that effect was prepared with care by the minister, in which his principles were not compromised. And so the matter "took end" by the restoration of Adam to his position as an elder.

No one was happier at the conclusion come to by the Session than the watchmaker. He said that "he took the leeber'ty o' just makin' a remark to the effect that he thoct they wad a' be the better o' what had happened; for it was his opinion that even the best Kirk courts, like the best toon clocks, whiles gaed wrang. Stoor dried up the ile and stopped the wheels till they gaed ower slow and dweich, far ahint the richt time. An' baith courts and clocks were therefore a hantle the better o' bein' scoored. Depen' on't," he added, "the Session wall

gang fine and smooth after this repair ;" and he thanked the minister for his motion, without insinuating that he had caused the dust, but rather giving him credit for having cleared it away, and once more oiling the machine. In this sense the compliment was evidently understood, and blandly accepted by Mr. Porteous. Even the solemn Mr. Smellie smiled graciously.

We must return now to the Sergeant.

It would only weary the reader to give a narrative of the events which happened during the period of his recovery. Dr. Scott watched by him many a night, feeling his pulse, and muttering to himself about the twitching of the muscles of the fingers, as indicating the state of the brain. Often did he warn Katie, when too hopeful, that "he was not yet out of the wood," and oftener encouraged her, when desponding, by assuring her that he "had seen worse ships come to land." As the captain steers his ship in a hurricane, adjusting every rag of sail, and directing her carefully by the wind and compass, according to the laws of storms, so did the Doctor guide his patient. What a quantity of snuff he consumed during those long and dreary days ! What — No ! he had not once taken toddy until the night when bending over the Sergeant he heard the joyful question put by him, "Is that you, Dr. Scott ? What are you doing here ?" and when, almost kissing Katie, he said, "He is oot o' the wood at last, thank God !"

"The Almighty bless you !" replied Katie, as she, too, bent over her husband and heard him once more in calmness and with love utter her name. His next questions were, "Hoo's wee Mary ? Is the bird livin' ?"

One evening soon after this, Adam, pale and weak, was seated, propped up with pillows, in his old arm-chair, near the window in his kitchen. The birds and the streams were singing their old songs, and the trees were unfolding their last leaves, and robing themselves in the rich foliage of "the leafy month of June ;" white fleecy clouds were sailing across the blue expanse of the sky ; the sun in the west was displaying its glory, ever varying since creation ; and all was calm and peaceful in the heavens above, and, as far as men could see, in the earth beneath.

Jock Hall was seated beside Adam, looking up with a smile into his face, and saying little except such expressions of happiness as, "I'm real proud to see you this length, Sergeant ! Ye're lookin' braw ! It's the wife did it and maybe the Doctor ; but baith are by ordinar'. Keep in yer

haun's, or ye'll get cauld and be as bad, as ever."

Katie was at his other hand knitting. Why interpret her quiet thoughts of deepest peace ? And little Mary sat on her chair by the fire.

This was the first day in which Adam, weak and tottering, had been brought, by the Doctor's advice, out of the sick-room.

Mr. Porteous unexpectedly rapped at the door, and on being admitted, gazed with a kindly expression on the group before him. Approaching them, he shook hands with each, not omitting even Jock Hall, and then sat down. After saying a few suitable words of comfort and of thanksgiving, he remarked, pointing to Jock, that "he was snatched as a brand from the burning." Jock, as he bent down, and counted his fingers, replied that the minister "wasna maybe far wrang. It was him that did it," he added, as he pointed his thumb over his shoulder ; "an' though he wasna friechted for the lowe, I'm thinkin' he maybe got his fingers burned wi' me."

After a minute of silence, Mr. Porteous said, "I am glad to tell you, Mr. Mercer, that the Session have unanimously restored you to the office of elder. When you are better we shall talk over this business as friends, though it need never be mentioned more. Hitherto, in your weakness, I requested those who could have communicated the news to you not to do so, in case it might agitate you ; besides, I wished to have the pleasure of telling it to you myself. I shall say no more, except that I give you full credit for acting up to your light, or, let me say, according to the feelings of your kind heart, which I respect."

A few quiet drops trickled down Adam's pale cheek, as in silence he stretched out his feeble and trembling hand to his minister. The minister accepted it, and shook it cordially, and then gazed up to the roof, his shaggy eyebrows working up and down as if they were pumping tears out of his eyes, and sending them back again to his heart. Katie sat with covered face, not in sorrow as of yore, but gratitude too deep for words.

"Will ye tak' a snuff, sir ?" said Jock Hall, as he offered his tin box to the minister. "When I fish the Eastwater I'll sen' ye as bonnie a basketfu' as ever ye seed, for yer kindness to the Sergeant ; and ye needna wunner muckle if ye see me in the kirk wi' him sun'e."

The Starling, for some unaccountable reason, hopped from spar to spar of his cage, as if he was leaping for a wager.



Mary was attracted by the bird. Supposing him to want food, she rose, mounted a chair, and noiselessly opened the door of the cage, yet forgetting the food in her eagerness and suppressed excitement. As she descended for it, the Starling found the door open, and stood at it for a moment

bowing to the company. He then flew out and, lighting on the shoulder of the Sergeant, looked round the happy group, fluttered his feathers, gazed on the minister steadily, and uttered in his clearest tones, "I'm Charlie's bairn — 'A man's a man for a' that!'"

**ATHLETIC SPORTS.** — Though no one doubts that gymnastics are essential to the full development of the body, we can imagine some who would demur to the assertion that they were necessary to the development of the mind. Great geniuses, they may tell us, have often been remarkable for a quiet retiring character, and a dislike even from childhood for boisterous amusements. That instances may be brought in proof of such a position we dare not deny, but that it stands as a general rule, or anything approaching to it, is manifestly false. The history of developed genius is all the other way. The Greek and Latin poets were all, or nearly all, athletes. Horace's sentiments are known to all the world. Catullus goes so far as to boast of his training: "*Ego gymnasi ui flos, ego eram decus olei*," and other poets were equally ingenuous. And if we turn to our own country, we have not to look far for striking instances. What says Byron? —

"And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne like thy bubbles onwards: from a boy  
I wanted with thy breakers."

But what need of looking even so far when we can turn to the prince of poets himself? Who shall say how much the mental development of the matchless Bard of Avon was due to the bold and vigorous exercise of which we get a glimpse in the daring, though perhaps inexcusable, raids on Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, in the hardy company of the poachers? But we are not going out of our way to prove by examples that vigorous bodily exercise is requisite for mental development. Those who know anything about schoolboys will have only one opinion about "mopes." Books are an excellent thing, and so is butter; but, unless you can lay a solid foundation of bread in the one case and of vigorous exercise in the other, the books and the butter will both be useless.

Allowing, then, the advantages, and even the necessity of athletic sports, the real practical point is to settle where advantages end and evils begin. Since physical perfection should be subservient to the intellectual and moral development of the man, it is clear that the bounds of discretion may easily be overstepped. Racing, jumping, boating, and cricketing are open to few dangers, but wrestling and boxing

should be patronized with greater reluctance. Galen altogether disapproved of wrestling in the gymnastic curriculum on account of the imminent risks that we e run of fracture and dislocation. Boxing, too, is of dubious prudence, in spite of all that young men may think to the contrary. Of course it is a very grand thing to be able to maintain one's rights against half a dozen coal-heavers, or to figure as the champion of injured respectability against insolent blackguardism, as Sir Robert Clifton did a little time back in the public streets. But these are exceptional cases, and few men can be pointed out who are distinguished both as pugilists and scholars. But the greatest and most dangerous abuse, and one that ought most sedulously to be discouraged among young men, is what is technically known as "training." Who cannot appreciate the indignant periods of the ancients when they decry the insane discipline of over-enthusiastic athletes? Then as now they studied to bring their bodies to a premature perfection, at the expense of both mind and body for the remainder of their lives. Those who have gone through the severest training become in the end dull, listless, and stupid, subject to numerous diseases, and in many instances the ultimate victims of gluttony and drunkenness. Their unnatural vigour seldom lasts more than five years. It was especially remarked by the Greeks that no one who in boyhood won the prize at the Olympic games ever distinguished himself afterwards. The three years immediately preceding seventeen are years of great mental development, and nature cannot at the same time endure any severe taxing of the physical constitution. Prudence, therefore, especially at this critical period of life, must ever go hand in hand with vigour, for the evils of excess outweigh by far the evils of deficiency. But, as long as due bounds are preserved, athletic sports may ever be hailed as the best friends both of mind and body. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, when he was looking on at a cricket match, that as long as these were the sports of Englishmen, they need never fear invasion. To this we think we may add a more powerful encouragement, for we sincerely believe that, as long as athletic sports hold their proper place in our educational establishments, we need never fear the invasion of degeneracy nor the tyranny of ignorance. — *Westminster Gazette*.

From Once a Week.

## INDIAN TEXTILE FABRICS.

THE people of India at the present time number at least two hundred million souls, affording, in the language of the commercial world, a "splendid market" for the looms of England. If it were incumbent upon us to clothe all these people, our machinery, it is scarcely necessary to say, would be utterly inadequate to perform the task. But there is no such necessity. India in many fabrics need not depend upon her foreign lord; indeed, the servant in many respects is called upon to supply the master. Whilst it is admitted that in all matters of art the native has a much purer taste than the British manufacturer, yet we suspect it will be a surprise to the latter to be told that many Indian calicoes are both superior and cheaper than those imported from England. Of course this is not the rule, as we may know from the very large amount of cotton goods manufactured annually for the Indian market. Large as this importation is, those who have lived in India will not be surprised to hear that it is diminishing. We have treated the natives, who were intelligent manufacturers long before the light of civilization had reached these islands, just as we treated South Sea Islanders: the most barbarous designs, the most flaring colours, the most adulterated materials, are thought good enough for the "d——d niggers," as they are termed by some young puppies in regimentals, just fresh from school. The natural result is, that British manufactures of any pretence to art are avoided most cautiously by all the better classes of India. When we are told that our colours will not wash, or that they are so loaded with size that they become mildewed on the voyage, that the variegated face of damask is imitated by stamping the pattern upon the size with which they are plastered, it is no wonder that we are losing our footing in our own dependency, and that even Prussia is supplanting us in dyed goods.

Great as is the damage to our credit brought about by such frauds, there is a still more disastrous source of loss to us in our ignorance of the wants of the native, and our failure to appreciate their art requirements, which are always based upon refined taste. Our manufacturers seem to think that because the native is scantily clothed he is little better than a savage; the real fact is that the Hindoo possesses a delicacy of organization and an instinctive appreciation of appropriate form and colour in design,

which is wholly foreign to the nature of the thick fingered Anglo-Saxon. A native, with a rude bamboo loom, will with his fingers and toes finish a piece of muslin which cannot, by all the application of our most delicate machinery, be produced in Europe.

Clearly, then, there is a physiological reason why our effort to compete with them is a failure in the more delicate fields of operation, but there are other fields that remain open if we will only fit ourselves to the task. In the cheaper calicoes we are, of course, unrivalled; but immediately we attempt print goods for the Indian market, the inflexible nature of the Briton comes out. Forgetting the difference in climate, and the nature of the garment, &c., he persists in sending out patterns which may delight the eye of Molly the cook, but which sorely offend a people trained for thousands of years to the appreciation of the pure and simple in design and to the subdued harmonies of colour.

It has long been clear that our manufacturers are very inadequately informed as to the requirements of her Majesty's Indian subjects. Indeed, their ignorance is inevitable.

The distance of this great dependency renders the market a sealed book to our manufacturers in the best sense of the term. Our productions would sell in almost unlimited quantities, if the Manchester manufacturer took the same care to consult the tastes of the Hindoos as they take to consult the markets of the continent. The Government of India, in the interests of commerce, have just taken a step which it is hoped will diffuse among our manufacturers a juster view of Indian wants, and among the natives themselves a more accurate estimate of the requirements of Europeans. In order to bring about this reciprocal benefit, it has caused a set of volumes, containing working specimens of all the textile fabrics of India, to be distributed throughout the great capitals of our textile manufacturing districts, and, together with these, a volume containing photographic sketches of the different Indian tribes, habited in the peculiar and diverse fashions of the East. Upon the nature of the garment worn depends, more or less, the nature of the ornamentation required. A print which may be admirably adapted for a trouser pattern — for many of the natives wear trousers, good reader — may be utterly unsuitable for a saree, or the scarf-like wrapper which forms the whole body and head-dress of a large portion of the native women. Again, the turban is folded in the East in wonderfully diverse manners. Here, again, texture of material

as well as ornamentation has to be consulted. In some turbans as many as sixty yards of material are employed; hence the necessity for great lightness in the fabric used for this purpose. It is also necessary for the manufacturer to know that the clothing of nearly the whole Hindoo race consists of mere wrappers wound round the body. Needle and thread is therefore not required in making them up. The Mahomedans, on the other hand, of the better class, use made-up clothes—jackets and trousers. These differences of race and religion require to be known in order to fabricate materials suitable to the market. A pattern that may suit a tunic, for instance, would be utterly out of place in a waist-cloth or a turban. As a rule, the natives like small patterns, and the reason is obvious. A garment that is worn folded would cut a large pattern, and make it look utterly ridiculous. Checks and tartans are in much request in India; indeed, the natives have copied many of our English plaids, a proof that they are not averse to those European designs which fulfil their own ideas of what is fit. If we wish to succeed in securing the Indian market, we must give them what they like, and not what we may imagine will be suitable for them; and once secured, the trade is likely to last, for there is nothing more remarkable in the tastes as regards dress of that vast country than its fixity. The Hindoo does not look for spring, summer, and winter dresses, as we do here. The dictum of dress-makers do not change in a week the style of the make, or the colour of the costume. Many of the patterns now worn are the same as they were centuries ago. The simplicity of the costume, no doubt, has much to do with this fixity—or, in other words, the unvarying mind of the people finds its expression in dress as in all other matters. This conservatism is of the utmost importance to the manufacturer. A pattern happily caught, a combination of colours once accepted, he may go on for years with the certainty that the market will not cry out for a new design. He has only to know the appropriate lengths and breadths of the scarf-like articles of dress generally used, and he may go on making them for centuries, for there are no fashionable tailors or milliners to interfere with him. As the material leaves the loom it is ready to be worn.

It may not be uninteresting to give a sketch of the nature of the garments—male and female—that have been for ages, now are, and probably will be for ages to come, used as the costume of the vast majority of

the native population. The simplest and the commonest article is the dhotee, or waist-cloth. It is almost universally a white cotton scarf wound round the loins, and then brought up between the legs. In some cases the dhotee is so small as barely to fulfil the purposes of decency. It is scarcely necessary to say that this scanty costume is worn only by the working-classes and the poorest people. Nevertheless, such is the population of India, that even to supply these insignificant garments the looms of Lancashire would have to be doubled. The longee is a scarf worn over the shoulder and upper part of the body. This article of dress is made of silk as well as cotton, and it is ornamented in both materials with gold. The dhotee, on the contrary, is invariably made of the softest cotton, and as it requires to be constantly washed, it is rarely ornamented. This, with the turban, comprises the sum of the dress of the working population. The saree of the women, as we have said, is still more comprehensive, as it serves for body garment and head-dress at the same time. The native women array themselves very gracefully in the saree. Its ample folds can be turned to the purposes of coquetry with great skill, and the agile fingers of a dark beauty can arrange the dress with such quickness and art, that we are told by a gentleman who has been in India, they often change the garment in public places after bathing without the slightest impropriety—slipping off the wet saree and replacing it with a dry one without exposing the skin in the slightest degree.

Cotton being the material mostly in use, it seems extraordinary that our power-looms should not have swept away the rude hand-loom of the natives; but this, we are told, is far from being the case. Indian cotton goods are much softer, we are told, than the English make. This is a matter of great importance to a sensitive people like the Hindoo; it is more porous, again a very necessary quality in the tropics, where so much moisture is perpetually passing off by way of the skin. There are certain colours again that are favourites in these body garments, and the method of ornamentation with gold is a matter respecting which the natives are very fastidious.

But in these matters of detail, the most ample information is given in the 700 working patterns to be found in the volumes provided for the manufacturers by the Indian Government. If he goes wrong after the pains that have been taken to put him in the right path, the fault is his own.

But whilst the larger market is for the

kind of garments that leave the loom ready for use, there is still a great demand for jackets, coats, and trousers, worn by men, and for bodices, trousers, and skirts or petticoats, worn by women. The Mahomedans have always worn these articles of dress, and in course of time their example has been sparingly followed even by the Hindoos. These articles of dress do not quite answer to those worn in Europe; but they are made with needle and thread, and have a general resemblance to those worn by ourselves. In these latter kind of dresses we have not hitherto competed with the native manufacturers. They are in most cases ornamented, in some instances very richly so, and here the Oriental is our master, and if we hope ever to compete with him we must sit patiently at his feet, and learn the lesson which he seems to have acquired by some instinct of his nature. The sun—that great natural institution of the east—no doubt has much to do with the native's aptitude for dealing with colour. The first thing that strikes the European in looking at a collection of Indian fabrics is the sobriety and harmony of hue which they present. But if we only consider for a moment, we shall see how this comes about in the most natural manner. If English or French dyes were used, they would reflect so much light as to be unendurable. The dead look of Indian colours is fully compensated by the superfluity of light in which they are seen. Take a Coventry ribbon, a blue for instance, and place it beside an Indian ribbon; the first appears the brighter and more cheerful in this country; but under an Indian sun its garish tone would be intolerable, whilst the Indian blue would be, comparatively speaking, cool and refreshing. But there is something more than the deadness, which strikes us as peculiar to Indian tints, their tones are wholly different. Their green is by no means the same mixture of blue and yellow as with us; the same with their purples and oranges. Again, their primaries are different; their whole chromatic scale, in short, is pitched a note or two lower. All these niceties our manufacturers must patiently acquire if they desire to serve the upper ten million in India. For our part, we scarcely dare to hope they will ever succeed; the sources of the art lie deep in the very nature of the Indian mind and climate; we believe there is but one kind of dyed goods that we have ever succeeded in making palatable to Orientals, and that one is "Turkey red," which still sells extensively in the East; we are not certain, however, whether it is much used in India proper: the East is a wide field, and

covers the peoples in the Indian archipelago, China, and Japan, all of which are far inferior, artistically, to the Hindoos.

But we may be customers to India for their fabrics to a very much larger extent than we are at present, if we fail to imitate them for the Indian market. As a rule we look upon them, as we do upon a Cashmere shawl, as articles *de luxe*, beyond the means of the middle classes. This is true of the rarer qualities of these precious fabrics, but by no means true of a very large portion of them. Dacca muslins, for instance, have long been imported into the country, and might be used far more generally than they are. The highest qualities of this fabric are splendid examples of the superiority of intelligent labour over the most elaborate machinery. The native woman spins with the finger a yarn which surpasses in fineness the trophies of machine-spun yarn paraded in the Great Exhibition of 1862 as a marvel of European skill. There is a class of muslin termed "woven air," the fabric of which is so marvellously fine, that the Hindoos themselves are fond of relating all kinds of strange tales respecting it.

Mr. Bolt, in his "Considerations of the Affairs of India," speaking of the Dacca muslins, says that according to report, the Emperor Aurungzebe once "was angry with his daughter for showing her skin through her clothes, whereupon the young princess remonstrated in her justification, that she had seven *jamahs*, or suits, on: another tale was to the effect that, "in the Nabob Allaverdy Khwan's time, a weaver was chastised and turned out of the city of Dacca for his neglect in not preventing his cow from eating up a piece of 'Abrovan,' which he had spread and left upon the grass,"—the muslin, of course, being so fine that the animal could not see it upon the herbage.

The "woven air," or "king's muslin," was formerly made only for persons of distinction and to order. Since so many of the native courts have been swept away—and especially since the Great Mogul has disappeared from the scene—this high-class muslin has not been made in any quantities; but still there is a sufficient demand to keep the art of making it from falling into disuse.

So delicate is the manufacture of the short staple of the Dacca cotton, that it can only be woven into yarn at certain times of the day. The morning is generally so employed before the dew has left the grass: if spinning is carried on after that time, the spinner, who is always a woman under thirty years of age, spins the yarn over a

pan of water, the evaporation of which affords sufficient moisture to prevent the fibres from becoming too brittle to handle. Delicate as the muslin is, it will wash, which European muslins will not. The durability of the Dacca muslin, notwithstanding its surprising fineness—a piece of “evening dew,” one yard wide and four yards long, only weighing 566 grains—is said to be owing to the greater number of twists given to the Dacca yarn, as compared with the finest muslin yarns of England or France. The time taken to spin and weave the threads in a piece of “woven air” is very great, the reader will not therefore be surprised to hear that it sells at the rate of a guinea a yard.

The “Abrovan,” or “Running-water,” is considered the second class of muslin; Sabuam, or Evening-dew, is the third quality. It is so called because it is so fine that it can scarcely be distinguished from dew upon the grass. There are several other very fine Dacca muslins that are known by distinctive names, but the three so poetically designated are the most famous. The Daghdhobeas, who remove iron-mould from this precious material, use the juice of the amroold plant for that purpose; and to remove other spots or stains, a composition of ghee, lime, and mineral alkali. There are Mahomedans who also repair this “woven air” with a skill equal to that of the Hindoo, who weaves it. For instance, it is said that an expert Rafuger, or darning, “can extract a thread twenty yards long from a piece of the finest muslin of the same dimensions, and replace it with one of the finest quality.” It is said that they execute their finest work under the influence of opium.

A still more exquisite and expensive work of the Indian loom is the figured muslin. A piece of this fabric, measuring twenty yards, made in 1776, cost as much as 56*l*. The splendid yet subdued effect of weaving gold and silver thread into the different fabrics made in India has never even been approached by Europeans. Some of their silks have a sheen upon them like the breast of a pigeon, or indeed of the Impeyan pheasant. In nature we never find that even the most splendid effects offend the eye by appearing garish. The Indian artist seems to have caught the very art there is in nature, and he uses his gold and silver with a caution, a prodigality, and an economy fitted for the occasion. The native never throws away gold where it will not be seen. Thus in the turban-cloth only the end that hangs down by the neck is thus ornamented, in the waist-cloth the fringed end, &c. The gold thread

is so very pure that it never tarnishes, and it *washes* just as well as the other threads of the garment. The thread of the precious metals is called kullabutoon, and is manufactured wholly by hand. Captain Meadows Taylor gives the following description of its manufacture:—“For gold thread a piece of silver, about the length and thickness of a man’s forefinger, is gilded at least three times heavily with the purest gold, all alloy being previously discharged from the silver. This piece of gilt silver is beaten out to the size of a stout wire, and is then drawn through successive holes in a steel plate until the wire is literally as thin as a hair. The gilding is not disturbed by this process, and the wire finally appears as if of fine gold. It is then flattened in an extremely delicate and skilful manner. The workman, seated before a small and highly-polished steel anvil, about two inches broad, with a steel plate, in which there are two or three holes, set opposite to him and perpendicular to the anvil, and draws through these holes as many wires—two or three, as it may be—by a motion of the finger and thumb of his left hand, striking them rapidly but firmly with a steel hammer, the face of which is also polished like that of the anvil. This flattens the wire perfectly; and such is the skill of manipulation, that no portion of the wire escapes the blows of the hammer, the action of drawing the wire, rapid as it is, being adjusted to the length which will be covered by the face of the hammer in its descent. No system of rollers or other machinery could probably ensure the same effect, whether of extreme thinness of the flattened wire, or its softness and ductility.” This flattened wire is then wound round silk thread, and is ready for use. This affords another example of the fact that intelligent human labour can always excel the work of the most elaborate machinery.

The hand is educated to a delicacy of touch that is marvellous, and that delicacy is transmitted through succeeding generations, until the native manipulator acquires a kind of instinctive aptness which gives him all the unfailing regularity of a machine directed by the intelligence of man. The embroidery on the woven garments, in which this absolutely pure gold is employed, never tarnishes. An instance of the value of using nothing but the pure metal was afforded at the late Dublin Exhibition. Several Irish poplins, in which gold and silver thread was used, had to be changed during the progress of the Exhibition on account of their becoming so tarnished,



whereas the gold-embroidered fabrics of India there exhibited retained their lustre unimpaired throughout. If Dr. Forbes Watson, by his labours, in pointing out this fact to our manufacturers, can get them to imitate the truthfulness of the native artisan, he will deserve their warmest thanks, and if he can induce the dyers to send nothing to India that the dhobie can wash out by his rough method of manipulating with stones upon the washboard, India will reap the benefit of European science and skill, which at present she holds at little worth, in this matter at least. The native has found out the way to print fast colours, and Dr. Forbes Watson has been at the trouble of indicating them to our manufacturers; but there are some other people besides the Hindoos who are difficult to move from their old methods of doing things. The machinery of Manchester certainly prints better than the native can do with his rough methods; but even here a certain variety is given by the hand work which in some measure makes it more agreeable to the eye than the monotonous repetition of the same exact form produced by machinery.

With the Indian embroideries every lady is well acquainted. The price of labour is so cheap in India, that there is no reason why she may not export a very much larger amount of this kind of work than she does. Lace, again, is work just suited to the patient fingers of the Hindoo women. We understand the fabrication of it has lately been introduced into that country, and it is likely to succeed admirably.

But we must come at last to that article of attire which is in every woman's thoughts—the Cashmere shawl. We are told that, in consequence of a famine which occurred in Cashmere, a great number of so-called Cashmere shawls are now made within our own territory. The report of the Lahore Central Committee for the last International Exhibition, states, that with respect to shawl manufacture,—

“This is now by far the most important manufacture in the Punjab; but thirty years ago it was almost entirely confined to Cashmere. At the period alluded to, a terrible famine visited Cashmere, and in consequence numbers of the shawl weavers emigrated to the Punjab, and settled in Umritsur, Narpur, Dinangar, Tilaknath, Jelalpur, and Loodianah, in all of which places the manufacture continues to flourish. The best shawls of Punjab manufacture are manufactured in Umritsur, which is also an emporium of the shawl trade. But (and

we must entreat the attention of the ladies to what follows) none of the shawls made in the Punjab can compete with the best shawls made in Cashmere itself; first, because the Punjab manufacturers are unable to obtain the finest species of wool, and secondly, by reason of the inferiority of the dyeing, the excellence of which in Cashmere is attributed to some chemical peculiarity in the water. The wool, on which the purity of the shawl depends, is from the domestic goat of Thibet, whence it is exported, *via* Yarkanal, to Cashmere. The wool is called pashum, and is the fine growth that lies under the hair and close to the skin. Many animals in cold countries have a similar kind of wool underneath the hair. The camel, the yak, and the shepherd's dog also have this winter under-clothing, which they cast off in the summer; but in neither of these animals is it so fine or of such good colour for dyeing purposes as that of the shawl goat. The Cashmere emigrants, not being able to obtain the true wool, use the best they can get in place of it, and the result is, that European firms have lately been complaining of the adulterations of the texture of the Cashmere shawls. This is done by mixing up Kirmanhee wool with real pashum. It is now sought to provide against this falsification by forming a guild of trades in these shawls, which shall have the power of affixing on all genuine shawls a trade-mark guaranteeing it to be genuine pashum, and fixing a heavy penalty on all counterfeits.” We trust our statement has not rendered any lady suspicious of the integrity of her Cashmere; but we confess that when we hear of the price even at the place of their manufacture of the genuine article, we look with some suspicion on the so-called Cashmeres that we sometimes see in the windows of the London dealers in them. We are told that “a woven shawl of the best materials, and weighing seven pounds, will cost in Cashmere as much as 300*l*. Of this amount the cost of the materials, including thread, is 30*l*.; the wages of labour, 100*l*.; miscellaneous expenses, 50*l*.; duty, 50*l*.” If we add to this the cost of carriage to England and insurance, it will be clear that very few will be able to afford such costly garments, even in this country of nobles and merchant princes.

The Cashmere shawl is really a warm garment, but what keeps out the cold also keeps out the heat. There are plenty of warm fabrics made in the northern parts of India, and many of the woollen garments are very much like our Scotch plaids, even to

the pattern. It must refresh the eye of the Highlander to see in these far distant lands garments that remind him of his home, and it shows that, under like conditions, the results of human labour are wonderfully similar. We cannot conclude this article more appropriately than by recommending the manufacturers who would aspire to feed the almost limitless market of India, to visit the Indian Museum, Whitehall, where he will find a most curious collection of fabrics collected with great care by the government from all parts of India, and where he may learn all the details he requires from Dr. Forbes Watson, who has made the subject of the textile manufactures of the people in India his study, and by his writings \* has done good work in bringing the customers of both countries in contact with each other to their mutual advantage and enrichment.

A. W.

From the Spectator.

## THE COUNTESS DE BOIGNE. †

THIS book is a curiosity in its authorship and in itself. The writer of it, the Comtesse de Boigne, has left the mark of all her own peculiarities in the characters, the incidents, and the sentiments of her romance, and the best introduction to it will be a sketch of her curious career. Eléonore Adèle Osmond (such was her maiden name) was born in 1780, and died, aged eighty-six, last year at Paris. Her father, the Marquis d'Osmond, was the eldest of three brothers, all illustrious in the pre-revolutionary time. The Marquis himself was born at St. Domingo, served his country from an early age till the year 1788, when he was named Ambassador at the Hague. He married an English young lady, Miss Dillon, of small fortune, and he himself was poorly endowed. His lady very soon after their marriage was appointed one of the *dames attendantes* on Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire, daughters of Louis XV. They became much attached to the Marquis, his wife, and young daughter, Adèle, and as the child grew up she was constantly either at Belle Vue or Versailles. She was a remarkably lovely child, and becoming the *pet* of Marie Antoinette, she was almost always with the

first Dauphin, whose precarious health led his physicians to place him at Meudon; and thus, Mesdames inhabiting Bellevue, and Adèle being with them every day, she was the perpetual playfellow and amuser of the poor Royal child. She never ceased to repeat the stories of her young time, and to tell curious details respecting Louis XVI. and his Queen. It seemed to her always in after years as if those days were dreams. She could hardly believe in the harsh contrasts so soon to follow.

The father of Adèle in 1791 was named Ambassador to St. Petersburg, but one event following quickly after another allowed him no opportunity of performing the duties of that office, and he assisted Mesdames to emigrate to Italy, whither Madame d'Osmond and her son and daughters accompanied them. There an asylum for these unfortunate daughters of Royalty was prepared by the generous care of Pius VI.; but although the Marquis soon followed, deserting, like so many of his order, the fallen King and Queen, he would not remain, nor allow his wife and family to remain, chargeable on Mesdames.

To Naples therefore they went, and there again Adèle was under the special patronage of a Queen, for Caroline, the sister of Marie Antoinette, undertook all the expenses of her education, settling a pension of 12,000 livres on the Marquis for that purpose, but stipulating that it was to cease when the education was completed. So it was that our future Comtesse de Boigne became the friend and companion of the excellent Marie Amélie, late ex-Queen of the French.

They did not, however, remain more than ten months at Naples. The Marchioness had her own English family to visit, and in England they had their home for a considerable time, at any rate till Adèle was seventeen years of age, and had come to the end of her education and of the Naples pension.

She must have been a young lady of some nerve and not a little cleverness. How far the love of her parents, always, we think, particularly strong among French girls, was her all-pervading motive for the conduct which followed, and which cannot but be in English eyes most repugnant to every feeling of delicacy, must remain unknown. But the fact is that she was addressed by a military servant of the East India Company, an old man just returned from India with immense riches, how reputably acquired no one knew, with shattered health, and with all the characteristics of a soldier and a nabob. Smitten by Adèle's beauty, he warm-

\* "The Textile Manufactures and Costumes of the People of India," by J. Forbes Watson, M. D. Printed for the Indian Office, 1867.

† *Une Passion dans le Grand Monde*. Par Eléonore Adèle Osmond, Comtesse de Boigne. 2 tomes. Paris: Levy. 1867.

ly pressed his suit. She, contrary to all ideas of propriety on the part of French parents, requested leave herself to conduct the negotiation for her own hand, and then she frankly told him the present condition of her family, banished, ruined, and without resource; and she said that she would marry no man who would not engage to provide for her father, mother, and young brother. General de Boigne seems hardly to have hesitated; a rude, passionate soldier, he accepted all the conditions, and Madlle. Adèle became "a woman sold."

The probability is that all her talent, all her high cultivation, were thrown away on such a man, and, as Madame Lenormand, who writes the introductory narrative, says, "Une semblable union ne pouvait pas être, et ne fut pas, heureuse." Whether she behaved ill to him or he to her we are not told, but at the end of six years he bought her a château (Beauregard), took her there, waited till her father and mother joined her, and then made his bow, and went himself to live at his own native town of Chambéry. He provided, at any rate, magnificently for her and hers. Respecting his own tastes and habits we are not to be too curious, but it ought to be mentioned to his credit that his munificence was largely exercised in Chambéry, and also that he retained perfectly amicable relations with his lady, who spent some weeks of every year so long as he lived with him, and always spoke of him with respect. Of the date of his death we are not informed.

At the beginning of the First Empire, Madame de Boigne might be found established at Paris, and her salon was frequented by most of the celebrities of the day; by Madame de Staël, by the Montmorencies, and by Madame Recamier. Some beautiful remarks on the character of the latter are surely, even after all we have read of her, worth looking at:—

"Plenty of pictures of Madame Recamier," she says, "have been given, and yet none, according to my ideas, have rendered the exact traits of her character; this is the more excusable, because she was so *mobile*. Everybody has chaunted the praises of her incomparable beauty, her active beneficence, her sweet urbanity. Many even have spoken of her wit, but few have penetrated through the habitual charm of her manner to the real nobility of her heart, her independence, the impartiality of her judgment, the justness of her spirit. I have sometimes seen her *overruled*, but never, I think, merely *influenced*."

There was little sympathy between the

Marquis d'Osmond and his party with the people of the First Empire. When the Bourbons returned they were gladly welcomed, and honours were bestowed by the returned Royalties upon them; M. d'Osmond being made a Peer of France, and sent to London as Ambassador, in 1815. Whatever her political tendencies might be, however, Madame de Boigne at least was not blind to the defects of the Bourbons. She saw the faults of all parties, and in the letters which most evidently represent her sentiments, though put into the mouths of fictitious persons, there is sometimes an expression of bitter disappointment. She accompanied her father to England, and remained till he resigned his appointment. He died in 1838, at a very advanced age. Madame Lenormand hints at the Countess being severely mortified at his never having obtained the Cordon Bleu. Whether from discontent with the elder Bourbons, or a revival of the old attachment to the daughters of Caroline of Naples, it is certain that nearly all Madame de Boigne's intercourse was gradually centred upon the Orleans family. She had become a woman of considerable political influence. With Comte Pozzo di Borgo her counsels and opinion carried weight, and it is said that she had much to do with procuring the neutrality of the Russian Government after the Revolution of July. Of course this impression had a tendency to sever her from many of the heretofore intimates of her salon, and she felt their secession very keenly, for at heart she was certainly a Legitimist, and besides that had strong affections; but we suppose she was consoled by the society of the many distinguished persons who formed the new Government, and flocked to her abode. Among these, perhaps, the chief was the Chancellor Pasquier. This able man only withdrew from public affairs in 1848, but then, though deaf and almost blind, the powers of his mind remained unimpaired, and he lived on, clear-headed, brisk in temper, but easily mollified, to the age of ninety-seven, to the last regarding the Countess, and justly, as his most attached friend. And that death created a void indeed for Madame de Boigne. People grieved for her; all knew how strong were her sympathies. It was seen that, though she might very fairly be called a "*femme de mille côtes*," yet she was exclusive in her affections. As to her tastes, they were perfectly feminine; passionately fond of flowers, never being without them in her rooms; skilful in needlework, her tapestry always in her hands, and in her eighty-sixth year using no

spectacles. In other respects, however, she was very infirm. She could not walk half-a-dozen steps, and was carried into the garden or to her carriage, from her sleeping room to the salon, or from the salon to the *salle-à-manger*. Nor was she ever brought in till her guests were assembled. Then, what would be the surprise of a stranger to see this wrapped-up figure carried between two valets, casting off her envelopes, placed at the table, and entering into the liveliest conversations, as if but thirty years of age! Nothing could surpass the charm of the surprise. Then it should be added that she had preserved all her teeth, her beautiful hair, her pretty features, and when conversation took an animated turn, a ray of the old youthful grace lighted up her countenance. It is right to add, that though early nourished in a sceptical school, and for many years, if not adverse, yet very indifferent to religion, Madame de Boigne turned with far greater interest to the momentous subject long before death, long before she had experienced any serious warnings of her bodily frailty. Her only brother died some years before her, but with her characteristic passion for the parental name she bequeathed all her wealth to the only being belonging to her who bore the name of Osmond.

Now, to all those who had heard her converse, to all especially who knew her familiarity with various celebrated characters and scenes, it was a matter of great curiosity to know what *writings* this aged woman had left, for that she *did* write was well known. Memoirs were hinted at, and the surprise was considerable when it was found that she had written two romances, of which the present is one. She had, however, much imagination, and more sentiment. She liked to draw a set of characters, her own among the rest, to put them in situations such as she had known; she thought she could do more substantial justice both to her own ideas and to private and public sentiments by working them up thus. Undoubtedly some of her pictures are well given, but the romance, *Une Passion dans le Grand Monde*, take it as a whole, is not only very tedious, but has many of the old-fashioned theories of love and honour which, as theories, carefully and deliberately set forth, are sure to repel modern readers. The form adopted, too, that of letters, is wearisome and diffuse. It is a Sir Charles Grandison minus the wit. The old lady's character, meant, no doubt, as the embodiment of Madame de Boigne's own peculiarities, is the cleverest and most interesting,

but unfortunately Madame de Romignère (this self-drawn character) dies before the close of the first volume, and we have to wade through a long history of a needless quarrel between adoring lovers, an unloving marriage consequent upon the quarrel, an explanation coming too late, and giving rise to some struggles of passion and duty, and finally to get rid of the whole combat by death.

In different parts of the book we have some shrewd political remarks. The hero, Romuald, and his friend interchange ideas on the state of France after the Russian campaign; also during the Hundred Days, and again in the Bourbon period. They cannot suppress, spite of their instincts for Legitimacy, their disappointment with the returned family. In December, 1816, we have an account of Romuald's reception at Court by Louis XVIII., and not a little of sarcasm is displayed. At first, the hero, a distinguished military Bonapartist officer, is flattered by the King's intimate knowledge of his antecedents. Louis goes back as far as 1806, and refers to the mention of Romuald's name in the bulletin of an affair at Czarnovo, which, as it chanced, occurred on the very anniversary day of his presentation. Astonished, Romuald tells his uncle, who had been at the levée with him, how wonderfully kind the King must be to inform himself so minutely respecting the affairs of an insignificant person. His uncle laughs heartily, and answers, "Don't fancy that he dreamt of giving you pleasure; he only wanted to show off his marvellous memory before a new comer; we old courtiers are a little tired of the charlatanerie of dates and anniversaries," &c. (Vol. I., p. 203). Our hero is compelled thus to go back to his first impression of the King. "I don't like his countenance; it is hard when he is serious — false when he smiles."

A few days afterwards he goes to visit Monsieur, the future Charles X., and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. The former welcomes him cordially, and here he is inclined to be pleased, but he is asked, whether he has ever been in Germany? — an embarrassing question to a Bonapartist. He replies honestly, however, "Oui, Monseigneur, plusieurs fois," and there is an end of the interview. Here Romuald fancies that the assumed ignorance of his previous history was a piece of generous feigning, but the undeceivable uncle again smiles, and tells him he is a novice, it is no such thing. Then they go to the Duchesse d'Angoulême. It is plain that *there*, at least, is no trickery, but it is still disappointing. Who would

not have felt emotion at first seeing the daughter of the martyred King?

"My uncle having introduced me," writes Romuald, "I obtained a very cold inclination of the head, and a 'You have been but a short time in Paris,' which looked to me a little reproachful. Then addressing herself to my uncle, she said, exactly in the same tone, 'Hombert [his youngest son] was of the escort yesterday; he kept too near the wheels; he did not show his common sense. I told him so, but you must repeat to him that he must not let it happen again.' The substance of what she said was quite right and kind; but it was the manner, so little gracious, that I felt deeply saddened. By what fatality is it that a Princess, to whom all hearts *would* be open, has learnt to chill every one? I went out of the Tuileries ill satisfied, but above all, vexed to have found this illustrious woman, whose misfortunes and virtues had so often occupied my mind, different from all I had anticipated."

These are interesting notices, speaking, as we know they do, the mind of the writer. We wish there were more of them, instead of page upon page of rhapsody and exaggerated love; yet Madame de Boigne tries hard to be moral, and prefers killing her hero to admitting a stain on his name.

From the Spectator.

#### THE PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF THE SUN AND MOON.

In a recent work of some interest but little method, Dr. Forbes Winslow\* has given us some account of a very curious subject, professedly the physiological influence of light upon the body. He has, however, mixed up with this discussion many things which belong to the larger subject with which we have headed this article, — *i.e.*, all sorts of influences attributed, truly or untruly, to bodies which, among some of their properties, radiate or reflect light. For example, a great section of his essay is occupied with considering the effect attributed to the moon on the atmospheric tides, and through those on the health of man. Now, we suppose it is obvious that the effect of the moon on the atmospheric tides has nothing to do with its reflection of light. That is the result of its gravity, and its gravity would be the same even if it were a wholly dark body of the same mass. Dr. Forbes Winslow need scarcely have given us a digest of

all the curious influences attributed to sun and moon, whether as light-giving bodies or otherwise, if he had intended only to deal with light. He has not even taken sufficient pains to isolate the influence of the light they give, so as to distinguish it from that which may be attributed to free air and complete ventilation. Hence, though his essay is full of curious anecdotes, it leaves no distinct scientific impression at all, except of course that solar light, — unpolarized light, — is an agency of the greatest importance to health, and produces a peculiar influence on the blood, — the absence of which subjects the patient to what is called the anæmic disease, or pale instead of red blood-cells. In fact, the only two statements which seem to isolate with any precision the influence of *light* on health from the influence of other and more general causes are these: —

"Sir James Wylie, of the Imperial Russian Service, pointed out to an English physician one of the barracks at St. Petersburg, in which three cases of disease occurred on the dark or shaded side of the establishment for one on the other, though the apartments on both of these sides communicated freely with each other, and the discipline, diet, and treatment were in every respect the same."

And again: —

"The *absence of light* exercises a very great influence over the power possessed by food in increasing the size of animals. Whatever arouses and excites the attention of the animal, and makes it restless, increases the natural waste of the different parts of the system, and diminishes the tendency of food to enlarge the body. To the rearers of poultry the rapidity with which fowls fatten when kept in the dark is well known; and direct experiment on other animals, whether by keeping them in the dark or by the cruel practice of sowing up their eyelids, as is adopted in India, have led to similar results. Absence of light, from whatever cause produced, seems to exercise a soothing and quieting influence on all animals, increasing their disposition to take rest, making less food necessary, and causing them to store up a greater portion of what they eat, in the form of fat and muscle." — From a Paper on the 'Scientific Principles involved in the Feeding and Fattening of Stock,' read by Ed. W. Davey, M.B.M. R.L., at the Roy. Dub. Soc., April 14, 1859."

And in the first of these passages it can scarcely be said with certainty that light alone made the difference, as every one knows that the warmth of rooms with a northern aspect is apt to be very different from that of rooms with the opposite aspect;

\* *On the Influence of Light on Life and Health.* By Forbes Winslow, M.D. London: Longmans.



but if these barrack rooms were artificially kept at the same temperature, the great difference must have been rather one of light than of heat. In the latter of these passages we have apparently a real case of the specific effect caused by excluding light, and light alone, on animal life, for the closing of the eyelids could only affect the general health through the optic nerve; but then even here the general sanitary effect of light on the *body*, as distinguished from that on the mere visual apparatus, is not excluded, though the evidence that creatures kept wholly in the dark, no less than those prevented from opening their eyes, fatten faster than others, seems to show that the influence of light generally is to excite, and that its exclusion leaves the organization more at rest for the processes of mere assimilation. It would be worth inquiring what effect, if any, is produced on the general bodily condition of blind men by the quiescence of the optic nerve. From general experience, we should be apt to doubt whether it is in any degree the same as that here supposed to take effect on the lower animals. The usual impression certainly is that the organization of the blind increases in acuteness in all the other senses in precise proportion to the loss they have sustained in the privation of sight; and, of course, if the general activity of the mental organization is not diminished, there would not be any probability of a greater stimulus to the mere assimilating processes. What we miss so much in Dr. Forbes Winslow's account of this interesting subject is any attempt to isolate for us carefully the specific effects of light. He tells us, for instance, of the bad effects of mining work, and of cellar work, and so forth, but here the absence of effectual ventilation is probably a far more important incident than the absence of light. He tells us nothing whatever of the diseases (if any) mental or bodily peculiar to the blind. He tells us exceedingly little of either good or bad effects produced by light which can be clearly separated from more general causes. In short, his book throws little explicit light on any one subject, and is little more than a rather curious account of the various impressions and superstitions on the subject of solar and lunar influences, — most of which science has not confirmed, — and a very few rather vague conclusions which it has confirmed.

Dr. Forbes Winslow himself has evidently little or no belief in any special influence of the moon's light on mental disease, except so far as he considers all excess of light, especially if it prevents sleep, exciting to the

mind. But he quotes for us from Dr. Moseley and others some curious cases of an apparent influence of the moon, — probably exercised through the atmosphere, since it took effect as much at new moons, when the moon gives no light, as at full moons, — on hæmorrhages of the lungs, on which it is of course not at all unnatural that special conditions of the atmospheric tides, by increasing or lightening the pressure on the blood vessels of the lungs, should have a very considerable effect. The most curious of these cases seems to be the following (which certainly does not seem to belong properly to a treatise on "the influence of light:") —

"Dr. Moseley remarks that the greater hæmorrhages from the lungs or those of plethora, like all periodical attacks of this kind (undisturbed in their natural course by peculiar circumstances), obey the influence of the moon. Of this, he says, he has had many proofs. That there are not more authenticated by others is owing, he believes, to the theory on which the fact depends not being sufficiently known to prevent the result escaping unnoticed. In another portion of his work he remarks that most of the patients whom he had attended in the spring of the year 1777 during attacks of fever were much affected in the head at every new and full moon. He refers to the case of a man who had a severe attack of hæmoptysis always at the moon's full. When speaking of the mode of treating these hæmorrhagic conditions, he advises the physician to be watchful in every case of the kind when the moon's influence was considered to be greatest on the earth. He cites the history of a gentleman who suffered from hæmorrhage of the lungs, who was advised to leave England during the winter and to reside in the south of France. Whilst there his attacks came on periodically, *obeying faithfully the principal changes of the moon.* Dr. Moseley considers this to be one of the most decisive examples of lunar influence recorded in medical history. The following particulars of his illness deserve attentive consideration. On February 14, 1786, when near Toulon, hæmorrhage came on; the moon was at its full on the preceding day. On February 29, when at Aix, in Provence, he had another attack. There was a new moon on the 28th. The moon was again at its full on the 13th of April, and on the 15th the patient had another attack of hæmoptysis. A new moon appeared on the 29th of the same month, and on the 26th, when at Tain upon the Rhone, he had a relapse. At Châlons, in Burgundy, there was a full moon on the 13th of May, and on the 14th his hæmorrhage returned. At Dijon, June 11, when the moon was again at its full, he had another attack. On July 11, at Paris, the moon was again at its full. At this lunar period the hæmorrhage returned. Again, when at Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, on August 9, the

moon was then at its full. The hæmoptysis returned. Dr. Moseley alluded to the remarkable fact that the last three attacks of hæmorrhage from the lungs came on *at the instant the moon appeared above the horizon.*"

If this curious relation between the atmospheric tides and the hæmorrhages of the lungs could be traced in any sufficient number of cases to exclude the possibility of mere coincidence, a mechanical influence of great importance on the physiology of the body would have been discovered which would affect seriously many other branches of medicine. Dr. Forbes Winslow's essay, however, is faulty in suggesting so much and establishing so little, on the curious and interesting subject with which he has dealt.

#### THE COURTSHIP OF PIETY.

##### 1.

BLUE-EYED MISS PIETY, walking sedately,  
Mused thus beside the classic Isis lately : —  
" Must I for ever spend my days apart,  
Watching the mild flame of a maiden heart ?  
Or pointing upward, bidding all men see  
The light from heaven that is so clear to me ?  
Deem'd by the idle foolish and demented,  
By those who love me best misrepresented !  
O for a helpmate, tough and rough and strong,  
Book-learn'd, fearless, arm'd with pen of steel,  
To battle with the world that does me wrong,  
And phrase in terms the truths I only feel ! "

##### 2.

Who knoweth not the gentle English maid,  
The nymph for ever young,  
In clean trim gown of academic shade,  
With face so sweet, yet staid,  
And antique proverbs silvery on her tongue ?  
Who hath not heard how wise men have pursued her,  
Sung in her praise, and wooed her ?  
How they have built her temples in the land,  
Mad for her eyes of heaven's profoundest blue ;  
And how, tho' many a wooer seeks her hand,  
She smileth on so few ?  
And how, altho' she is divinely fair,  
In vestal black she clothes her vestal limbs,  
And lists to dwell a maid, apart in prayer,  
Teaching the little children everywhere  
How to sing sweet old hymns.

##### 3.

Now, while the maiden mused in a sweet sorrow,  
She heard a voice of hard metallic ring,  
Close to her, murmuring, —  
" Miss PIETY, good morrow."

And, turning, she perceived approaching near

A dapper little man in broadcloth guise,  
Who curiously along the ground did peer  
With little twinkling intellectual eyes.  
As to the maid his tripping feet he bent,  
He seem'd with his wisdom well content ;  
Deeply he breath'd, his boots with mud were soiled ;  
A little hammer gript he while he went,  
Seeking the shady places ; and he oiled  
With self-complacent smile full soft and sleek  
The smooth steel of his cheek.  
With courteous bow, " Good morrow, Miss,"  
said he ;  
" My name is SCIENCE, you remember me ? "  
At this the maiden turned to fly, not heeding ;  
But the Professor seized her hand, proceeding : —

##### 4.

" So cold, so coy ! why is it, sweet, that still  
We comprehend each other's hearts so ill ?  
True, now and then, on evidence quite clear,  
I have disputed certain things you say ;  
But ladies will be ladies ! — and, my dear,  
Willing am I my wife should have her way.  
Simplicity but makes your face more fine —  
What should a lady do with demonstrations ?  
How ? Incompatible ? Ah no, be mine !  
Wedded together, we should rule the nations.  
Our compact shall be legal, fair, and strict :  
To grace what church you please you shall be free,  
Your fancies I will never contradict ;  
And, hark you ! if we ever disagree  
On questions that affect this mortal sphere,  
"Twill be my best endeavour, do not doubt it,  
To let the people whom we govern hear  
As little as is possible about it."

##### 5.

With terrible look for one so beautiful,  
Stood PIETY erect. " Begone ! " said she ;  
" An ugly little wretch, that lies by rule,  
I pity those who link their lots with thee,  
And look for happiness in such a school.  
I hate you ! let me be ! "  
Then SCIENCE tried to speak, but in his eyes,  
Less used to sunlight than the dark, was shed  
A sudden sunbeam from the summer skies —  
A kind of green vertigo fill'd his head —  
And when it passed away, to his surprise,  
MISS PIETY had fled.

##### 6.

Yet ere her pensive foot had wander'd far,  
She saw, upon the river-bank reclined,  
A youth whose eye was fix'd like a star,  
With dew of his deep soul's desire purblind ;

Heavy his lank hair stream'd across his brows,  
To the wind's voice his eager heart kept  
tune ;

He saw the Sun gleam white through the green  
boughs,

And deem'd that he look'd upon the Moon ;  
Then sadly for a space

The lady paused, and looked upon his face ;  
For well, with heart that grieved,

The dreamer METAPHYSICS' face she knew,  
Who, wandering from fatherland, perceived  
Heaven beyond heaven in her eyes of blue.

But as she look'd on him,  
He turn'd and saw her — sprang unto her  
side —

With eyes by their exceeding lustre dim  
Look'd in her face, and cried : —

## 7.

"Ach, lieber Gott! mine love, and art thou  
there ?

Belov'd shape, for ever wandering ;  
But now, upon the white Moon's threshold fair  
I saw thee beckoning.

And — *leider!* — yester-eve thy phantom face  
The luminous space of Saturn's rings did  
gladden —

I faint — within thy nebulous embrace  
*Gesund mich bodeu.*

O ever-roaming, insubstantial love.

Beautiful roamer thro' eternity !  
On earth, on air, in the blue gulfs above,  
Thy breath full oft I feel, yet seldom thee.

Over all worlds glimmers thy footstep bright,  
Leaving a blinding agony of light.

But would thou wert for ever near, to set  
Thy truth on scoffing souls that find thee  
never.

I am not I, Thou art not Thou, and yet  
I love thee, Love, for ever!"

## 8.

He clasp'd the empty air, crying in pain,  
"*Ach lieber Gott* — a dream — and gone  
again!"

For PIETY had stolen from h's side,  
Sighing most tearfully, "He loves me true!

And yet I have no heart to be his bride ;

How might he aid the work I have to do ?

Men deem him wild — they laugh to scorn his  
powers —

How would they mock a bridal such as ours?"

## 9.

And as she spake, she heard across the dells  
The vesper murmur of the Minster bells,  
And saw along the pleasant greenwood way,  
A child that led an aged man to pray.

"'Tis will'd," she sigh'd, "that all in vain  
should love, —

That lonely I should labour as before!"  
And raised the faithful eyes to Heaven above,  
And vowed to live a Maid for evermore.

— *Spectator.*

CALIBAN.

From the Fortnightly Review.

## MUSIC THE EXPRESSION OF CHARACTER.

THERE are few things that are at once so interesting and so difficult as the analysis of the mental phenomena which exist in connection with musical performances of all kinds. Next to the love of personal adornment, there is no other gratification, in which mind and sense each plays its part, that is so universal as the passion for music. It is found strong and influential in the lowest savage races, in men of the highest culture and the noblest gifts in civilized society, and in connection with every variety of personal character, of individual tastes and pursuits, and of physical temperament. Setting aside the half-legendary accounts of the musical gifts of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in more modern times we have distinguished men, so unlike as Henry the Eighth, Luther, Louis the Fourteenth of France, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the great Duke of Wellington, all sensitive to the musical influences in a high degree, in contrast with its almost complete absence in a mind in many respects most sensitive and highly organized — that of the first Napoleon; and in the large majority of our greatest modern English statesmen. The contrasts in the case of poets are as striking. The sensibility to musical sounds in Shakespeare and Milton was exquisite; in Goethe it was comparatively feeble, and rather the result of a deliberate exercise of the reflective and self-inspecting faculty, than the true spontaneous action of genuine sensibility. Still more was the perception of musical beauty in Wordsworth and Keble little better than an act of the intellect, allied with a certain fondness for melody when associated with pleasant thoughts and memories. In Cowper, the refined, the sensitive, and the lover of all moral and natural harmony, the musical faculty scarcely existed; while in Rogers, man of the world, banker and minor poet, and the most caustic of talking satirists, it was strong and vivid to extreme old age. The same variety exists in ordinary people, but still with the qualification that very few persons are altogether destitute of all capacity for being pleased or affected by music. The number of the absolutely destitute is, indeed, so small, that, taken in company with our present improved notions on matters of art, scarcely any educated man will avow that he cares nothing whatever for music. It is almost as dangerous to imply this in talking to a

stranger, as it is to suggest that he is incapable of understanding a joke, or to venture on a pun in a mixed company.

The love of music, again, and the capacity for appreciating it, show themselves under very variable conditions. The power of feeling, loving, and criticising the masterpieces of the great writers is frequently associated with an utter incapacity for learning to play or sing with tolerable skill. There are people whose ear for tune, when listening to the performance of others, is in a high degree sensitive, and who are yet not only unable to sing in tune themselves, but are unable to tell whether they really are or are not singing in tune. There are others whose natural musical capacities have never been cultivated either by study or by the hearing of good music, who yet are instinctively attracted only by the compositions of the great writers, and even by those which are as a rule only understood by good musicians after a considerable amount of study. This is notably the case with several of the later writings of Beethoven. It is notorious that a large number of educated musicians never thoroughly enter into and enjoy these extraordinary compositions, while of those who do comprehend them and rank them among his noblest masterpieces, very many only arrived at this conviction after long familiarity, and after training themselves to understand them by renewed critical studies of the development of his genius in his first and second periods. Still we occasionally meet with persons of genuine natural musical sensibility, but of little or no training, and prepared by no large acquaintance with Beethoven's earlier works, who are yet at once taken captive by many portions of these later wonders, and who perceive in them none of that fragmentary, crude, and abrupt character of which they were once almost universally accused. Take, for instance, the principal melody in the last great movement of his Choral Symphony, upon which it is stated that he bestowed extraordinary labour, touching and retouching its brief phrases for several days together, and at length bringing it to the full perfection that he required with enthusiastic delight. Nevertheless, M. Fétis, one of the most accomplished, capable, and unprejudiced of musical critics, can see neither beauty, nor grandeur, nor musical fitness in this now celebrated theme. Yet to myself, and to multitudes more, it is one of the most ravishing of melodies, and combines grandeur, simplicity, and grace with that passionate intensity in which Beethoven is without a

rival; and I have known various persons, whose sole power of perception lay in a delicate musical sensibility, scarcely at all cultivated, do homage to its power at the first hearing.

A question then naturally arises as to the source of the gratification thus experienced in listening to or performing musical sounds in their innumerable varieties. Is it simply a matter of study and association and habit that makes one composition appear good to one listener and bad to another? Or is there a certain real and definite difference between good and bad music, which corresponds to the difference between good and bad poetry, and good and bad oratory and prose writing? Is it, again, simply a matter of taste, resulting solely from a peculiarity of physical organisation, that makes one person like Handel better than Haydn, Beethoven better than Mozart, and the Gregorian Tones better than Lord Mornington's popular chant; just as one person likes blue better than green, or scarlet better than yellow or crimson; or—to descend to more absolutely corporeal sensations—as an Englishman likes English cookery and a Frenchman likes French cookery? Or, on the contrary, is music actually what it is often rhetorically called, a language; not only capable of being employed with various degrees of skill and originality, but a distinct reflection of the personal character of a composer, taken as a moral and intellectual whole? I say, "what it is often rhetorically called," because there are few subjects on which it is so easy and so common to talk and write not only rhetorical though somewhat vague sense, but pure rhetorical nonsense, in which the speaker or writer, not having any meaning to express, unfortunately does not adopt Lord Chatham's suggestion to the miserable gentleman in the House of Commons, when he advised him to say nothing whenever he meant nothing.

At first sight there is undoubtedly a good deal to be said in favour of the view which deprives music of all claim to be regarded as a species of articulate language, which has its own peculiar but by no means arbitrarily chosen instrumentality for the expression of ideas. It has no instrument corresponding to the words of written and spoken language. Words, whether in their written or spoken form, represent certain special separate ideas which everybody employs with a more or less correct appreciation of their force. When a man talks of love, nobody supposes that he means anger, though the single word "love" is susceptible of all sorts of various modifications of

meaning. When he speaks of walking, or running, or flying, it is impossible to suppose that he wishes to convey an idea of sitting still. He may speak with rapid utterance, and yet be discoursing about repose or sleep, and be perfectly sure of being understood. Even when he aims at conveying ideas of a more abstract and metaphysical kind, he may speak to listeners who have some sort of clue to the meaning he wishes to convey. If he employs the term "analogy," in a room full of chance acquaintances, probably a good many would think he meant simply "likeness," but no one would think he meant absolute "difference." And all this, because spoken language is nothing more than a vast collection of articulate sounds, which the whole race who speak it have agreed to associate with certain definite ideas. In musical sounds, on the contrary, whether those of melody or harmony, nothing of this kind exists. There are no definitely agreed upon successions or combinations of sounds which necessarily recall certain clearly understood ideas to the mind. We cannot express love by a major third, or anger by a minor third, or describe the skies by arpeggios, or gardens and fields by a diminished seventh. The means by which musical combinations are made to express anything at all are so subtle and difficult to handle, that it is only to the sympathetic understanding that their existence can be made comprehensible. To the ordinary observer their various qualities seem a pure hypothesis, and to have no objective existence whatsoever.

Further, it is not to be denied that vocal music, when stripped of its words, loses that precise definitiveness of meaning which appears to be its great charm when sung by a competent performer. The music itself is said to have no real meaning of its own, because it is incapable of conveying precise intellectual conceptions without the aid of articulate speech. So, again, it is argued that there is no appreciable difference between sacred and secular music, and that it is by mere conventionalism that some compositions are called religious, and others non-religious. What is the difference between sacred and secular music, we are asked, except that one is grave, slow, solemn, and apt to fall into the minor key? Strip it all alike of its words, and nobody can tell which pieces are fit for the church and which for the concert-room. The very phraseology of musical terms, we are reminded, betrays the inherent unmeaningness of all music. Handel's oratorio *Samson* is certainly a sacred composition, but here, in its introductory instrumental

portion, is a movement called a minuet. In the lists of popularly accepted sacred music, too, there are not a few pieces which most of the English music-loving public delights in as being truly pure, elevating, and "Scriptural;" and yet it turns out that these are nothing but airs from Handel's operas, adapted to Biblical words, and sung in all simplicity in churches and cathedrals, and in Sabbatarian reading-rooms on Sunday evenings, when nothing but "Sacred Music" is considered lawful. How can music, it is asked, be anything more than a mere sensuous gratification of the ear, when the same melody which is a charming love-song, as "*Dove sei, amato bene*," on the stage, proves an edifying sacred song in the shape of "Holy, holy, Lord?" and when an air, sung to the words "Lord, remember David," proves quite as delightful in its original shape, as "*Rend'li sereno*, in the opera of *Sosarmes*? Then, too, there are those curious adaptations of Roman Catholic hymn tunes to Protestant purposes which are so popular in this country. If there is a flagrant contrariety between an operatic love ditty and a verse from the Psalms, what is to be said for the innate truth of expression of hymn tunes that do duty equally to the satisfaction of singers as expressions of the Catholic doctrines of Transubstantiation and the worship of the Virgin Mary, and of the extremest Lutheranism and Calvinism of Dissenting congregations? In Low Church and Nonconformist compilations of hymn tunes, few are greater favourites than the melodies known as "*Tantum Ergo*," "*Alma*," and "*The Sicilian Mariner's Hymn*." Yet their original words are as utterly Roman in their meaning as any hymns in the Missal or the Breviary. And the latest popular adaptation is the oddest of all. In Dr. Monk's "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" is a tune which, with an amusing appropriateness, is termed "Innocents," which is nothing more or less than a somewhat vulgar "*Litany of the Blessed Virgin*," very popular, like a great deal of other bad music, among English Catholics. Seeing, then, that one may go any Sunday into a London Anglican Church, and hear a congregation singing with delight a half-dancing sort of a tune to a Calvinistic "Olney hymn," and then cross the street and listen to the same strain sung with equal gusto to the invocation, "*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*," with what reasonableness can it be contended that music is anything more than a pleasant succession of sounds, destitute of all real expressiveness of their own, and waiting to be galvanized into temporary life by the addition of some sort of words, operatic



or theological, Papistical, High Church, or ultra-Protestant?

In arguing, then, in defence of the inherent and true expressiveness of musical sound, it is, in the first place, necessary to say what is thus meant, and how far it can be adequately described as an actual language, corresponding to, and expressive of, the intelligent and emotional nature of man. That it possesses, apart from some accompanying words, the definiteness which attaches to articulate speech, is not to be maintained. Those who contend for its wonderful and unapproachable powers of expressing and influencing the feelings, are often misled into confounding force and depth with exact distinctness of intellectual conception. Seeing and delighting in its capacity for producing effects unattainable by other means, they claim for it an attribute to which it cannot pretend. It must be fully admitted that the ideas and emotions that are called into vivid action by the music of the greatest masters are less distinct in their outline, so to say, than those which are expressed by spoken words, and in their own peculiar range, by painting and sculpture. If we take the most powerfully expressive pieces of dramatic music, and sever them from the words which they were written to express, it cannot be denied that they would, to a certain extent, suffer as exponents of human feeling, human thought, and human character. Yet, on the other hand, they have a real meaning of their own, which it would be as absurd to deny, as to assert that laughter, as such, is not the expression of enjoyment. Take, for example, the following, which are among the greatest masterpieces of writers of different periods. The "*Che farò*," from Glück's *Orfeo*, is a song scarcely to be surpassed in the intensity of its tragic pathos, which is felt even by those who scarcely understand a word of Italian. To those who do understand it, the appropriateness of every phrase is manifest, and its effect is proportionately increased. But to adapt any other words which should convey ideas not practically corresponding with the original, and should yet be felt to be a natural vehicle for the music, would be an impossibility. If they did not express emotions substantially the same with which the half-maddened husband is supposed to watch the lifeless body of the stricken Eurydice, the musical sounds would strike one as inappropriate and unmeaning. Take next another masterpiece of tragic passion and pathos, Handel's "Deeper and deeper still," with the song "Waft her, angels," to which the recitative leads up; if these wonderful notes were sung to words dissimilar in

character, the effect would be simply ludicrous. The emotions expressed must be more or less identical with those attributed to the despairing Jephtha, although, no doubt, the circumstances which are supposed to arouse them may be varied. Or try the experiment of adaptation upon the *Ave verum* of Mozart, or the concluding phrases of the *Recordare* in the same composer's *Requiem*, or on the last song in Beethoven's *Lieder Kreis*, or on his *An dir allein*, that sacred song in which he expresses the emotions of religious penitence and exultation with the same extraordinary intensity with which Mozart expresses those of adoration, love, and hope in the *Ave verum* and the *Recordare*. In all these, any attempt at the adaptation of different words will only serve to show the perfect fitness of their melodious cadences and the progressive harmonies for embodying the ideas which the composers had actually present in their minds. And it is the same with such almost purely instrumental movements as the "Amen" chorus with which Handel closes his *Messiah*. Here we have a fugue of by no means brief duration, worked up with all the resources of counterpoint, and the only syllables the singers utter through its entire length, are those of the word "Amen," which is repeated again and again with interminable variations of spinning out, as it appears to the non-musical ear, entirely without any sense at all. Yet, in reality, the artistic propriety and the fulness of meaning of this fugue are as perfect as its contrapuntal skill. It is long, and it repeats the one word "Amen" again and again, because it is the concluding movement of a long work, in which each idea in the whole narrative of the life and death of Christ is developed at considerable length. To say "Amen" once, or to prolong its repetition only through a few bars, would be out of proportion to the previous treatment of the detailed portions of the whole work. The "Amen" chorus is thus simply an expression of the gratitude and joy with which the devout mind contemplates the conclusion of the sufferings of Christ and the commencement of his glories in heaven. The word "Amen" is a mere conventional vehicle for expressing the thoughts that absorb the Christian intelligence; and, as the composer exerts his utmost powers in working up his melodious theme till he attains the unrivalled climax (at the sixth bar from the end), it seems as if the mind could bear no more, and exhausted with exultation, subsides at once into repose and silent thought. Here and there, indeed, it must be confessed that even the greatest writers may set

music to words for which it is so ill-adapted that it gains considerably by the substitution of others quite different in character; a fact which, however, confirms my argument, though at the expense of the composer himself. For example, there is a song of Handel's in his opera *Ætius*, which in the Italian original is simply narrative, and of a pastoral and trivial kind. When Dr. Arnold hashed up a species of oratorio out of the great master's operatic works in general, he took this same "*Nasce al bosco*" and set it to the noble words of the Psalmist, "He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters," &c., and the result is a splendid song, in which the music is perfectly expressive of ideas which none but a very great writer could worthily embody. The recitative usually sung with the adapted song is said to be Arnold's own, and is so excellent, that for its sake, and in acknowledgment of his skill in the conversion of the air from a pastoral ditty to a magnificent religious hymn, some portion of his barbarous proceedings may be, perhaps, condoned.

Those critics who insist that the meaning of music entirely depends upon the words which it accompanies, should be further referred to one or two examples of purely instrumental works, in which a distinct intelligent sentiment is so irresistibly felt that there can be no two opinions as to what the music means. And I will take first the two men who both stand in the highest rank as composers, but whose modes, as artists, of expressing themselves were singularly unlike. It would be difficult to name two masters of the art in whom the systems upon which musical sounds are employed as a vehicle for thought and feeling were more dissimilar than Mozart and Beethoven. Mozart was one of the greatest contrapuntists that have ever lived; while in Beethoven the contrapuntal faculty was but feebly developed, though as an original and imaginative harmonist it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he is without a rival.\* Listen, then, to the finale in Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, in which an orchestral movement of the utmost brilliancy is planned in the form of a fugue, and carried out on a scale and with a success simply marvellous; and then compare it

with the final movement in Beethoven's last-written pianoforte sonata, the wonderful Op. CXI. The feeling of intensity, exultation, power, and almost rapturous enjoyment is as striking in both of them, as is the difference between their modes of treatment and the instrumentality by which the same result is attained. It is impossible to hear and understand either of them, and yet uphold the theory that all the meaning of music lies in the words. In their very identity of expression, too, the personal characters of the two men are revealed in the clearest light. In the utmost height of the excitement of his climax, Mozart's tendency to serenity, sweetness, and enjoyment is vividly felt; while from the simple announcement of his slowly moving theme, up to the agitated trills in which Beethoven's excitement culminates, we are ever conscious that with him repose was the result of the forcible control of passionate emotion.

As for the popular notion that there exists an essential difference between secular and sacred music as such, it is as superficial as it is untenable. It is as unreal as the corresponding theory that religious emotions and ideas are the product of one set of faculties, and secular feelings and knowledge the product of another set. Love is love, and joy is joy, and hope is hope, whether the objects which arouse them are Divine or human; and they therefore express themselves in similar language, whether spoken or sung. The idea that religious music is in its nature unlike all other music, is of a piece with the preposterous but equally prevalent belief, that when we speak on religious subjects, especially when men are preaching from a pulpit, it is proper to adopt a conventionally solemn tone of voice, and to use a conventional cast of phraseology. Of course, as there are certain ideas and emotions which never enter into acts of religious worship or meditation, so there are certain varieties of musical expression which would be out of all character in sacred composition. Everything of the nature of frivolity, for example, is utterly out of character and senseless in religious music. But after excluding all such ridiculous incongruities, the fact remains that there is absolutely no difference in style between the sacred and the secular works of the great masters. The madrigals of Palestrina are like his masses and motets; Bach's fugues for the clavier are just like many of the choruses in his "Passion Musik" and his masses; were it not for the words, nobody could say whether any one of Handel's songs belongs to an oratorio or an opera;

\* For the sake of the general reader it may be as well to add, that by counterpoint is meant the development of a melody by the (apparently) independent movement of the various voices or instruments, each repeating and modifying the melody in its own way, all in combination producing a harmonious whole; while by harmony, as such, is meant simply the progression of combinations of sounds in agreeable and expressive sequences. A fugue exhibits the most elaborately planned form of contrapuntal treatment; an ordinary psalm or hymn tune is a specimen of mere harmony.

the *Agnus Dei* in Mozart's First Mass is to a great extent like the *Dove sono* in his *Figaro*; and so with all the rest of his works, and those of still later writers. And for the reason just stated, that human emotions are identical in their nature, though of course varying in their intensity and combinations, whether the outward objects which excite them are Divine or human.

It should not be forgotten, too, that the various stages by which the present condition of the musical art has been developed, practically correspond to the varieties of articulate language, whether past or present. All languages are not equally perfect as instruments for the embodiment of idea and feeling. Greek and Latin, English and French, Italian and German, all have their characteristics, their merits and their defects. So it is with the forms which have prevailed in the musical art during the last three centuries. The musical forms of to-day, as wrought out by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, are as unlike those of Palestrina and Di Lasso, as Greek is unlike Latin, or German unlike French. The intervening forms, again, which may be taken as attaining their highest perfection in Handel, have a character solely their own; and, like the several varieties of articulate languages, each stage in musical development is especially adapted for the perfect expression of some one class of thoughts or emotions. The English tongue has a wonderful power for poetic and oratorical expression, but who would think of ranking it with Greek or with French as a vehicle of scientific expression, or with German as a language of sentiment? And thus in music. It was not alone the genius of Palestrina, but the musical forms of the time, which make his works and those of the other great masters of the sixteenth century the most purely spiritual music in existence. At the same time, not only those forms, but the forms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were inadequate to the production of the gorgeous splendour of the orchestra as developed in the nineteenth century. The highly cultivated and sympathetic musical intelligence enjoys every school, and finds in its works a true and natural expression of its thoughts and sensibilities; just as Homer, and Sophocles, and Horace, and Dante, and Goethe, and Molière, are the cherished companions of the highly cultivated Englishman.

In every musical school, too, there is that other capacity to be recognised which is to be noted in every spoken language. The personal character of the writer displays it-

self in the works of a great composer as distinctly as those of a writer in ordinary prose language. The peculiarities of the man Mozart are as clearly revealed in his music as in his letters and in the records of his life. It is the same with Beethoven; the same with Mendelssohn; the same with Handel and Haydn. In Handel's writings there is to be found the expression of every human passion; but it would be ridiculous to pretend that the tenderness, the sweetness, the mingled joyousness and sadness, which are almost always present in combination in Mozart, are to be found prominent in the universally gifted Handel, who even in his lightest moods impresses us with a sense of force and power. It may seem, perhaps, a whimsical notion; but yet it is hardly extravagant to add that in Handel, as in Shakspeare, we seem to be in company with a prosperous man. That the two men were prosperous in the trade of money-getting, and, wonderful to add, as theatrical managers, is a fact which everybody knows, and which ought ever to be enforced on the attention of those prosaic people who imagine that there is a sort of incompatibility between the gifts of genius and a capacity for business. However, this much, I think, cannot be denied, that as nobody would ever imagine, from their works, that either Shakspeare or Handel were unfortunate, melancholy men, so nobody would ever imagine that Beethoven was the reverse; or, again, that Weber was a thriving, jovial man of the world, or that Rossini waged a fruitless struggle for bread and for health. In the great Sebastian Bach's writings, too, I see the revelation of the peculiarities of his history, as distinguished from that of his great contemporary. Fiery passions, with their conflicts, find no expression in any of the works of the quiet, contented, domestic musical director of Leipsic. Even in the most jubilant and triumphant bursts and climaxes in his Mass in B minor, — the noblest mass ever written, and by a Protestant, too, — the clear, bright, genial, and self-possessed nature of the man is still manifest; and he goes on pouring forth his streams of brilliant, interlacing harmonies with a fertility and a sense of enjoyment that bespeaks at once a mind at ease and an imagination as exuberant as it was powerful and well-instructed. Altogether it seems to me as impossible to deny that musical sound is a voice speaking from the mind, as that the written styles of Addison and Macaulay, and the spoken style of Johnson, were the natural products of the peculiarities of their several characters.

J. M. CAPES.

From Good Words.

#### A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF FIRE-DAMP.

SOME years since I paid a visit in Staffordshire, and one of the entertainments by which my host sought to make my time pass pleasantly was a descent into a coal mine. I rather liked the idea, as I had never been down one, and at once agreed to go. The mine that was to be honoured with our inspection was that of West B—. It was an old mine, of considerable size and depth—the depth of the shaft being, if I recollect rightly, about 960 feet. There were some six or eight in our company, among whom were two young men, the sons of the owner, and a superior workman—I do not know his proper technical designation—perhaps underground bailiff; at any rate, something equivalent to what we above ground should call the foreman.

I expected that we would go down in a bucket, or box, but there was nothing of that sort; we stood upon something like a small platform and clung to the chain by which we were lowered. I rather repented of my readiness to join the party when I saw the means by which we were to descend, but I had not courage or time to dissent from what seemed the recognised mode of procedure. No one else seemed to mind it, and two or three of those who were familiar with the ways of the place stuck out one of their legs at right angles to stave us off from the sides of the shaft as we descended. "All right," said some one, and away we went. My first sensation was that sort of deliquium or swimming in the head that the reader may have experienced when he dreams that he is falling down a precipice. Fortunately it did not relax the muscles, for as it passed away I found myself clinging to the chain like grim death; probably it was only momentary, as I had time to observe the rapidity with which we passed into total darkness. The story about seeing stars at noonday from the bottom of a coal pit cannot be true, at any rate if the pit is what is called an up-cast shaft. We went down the up-cast shaft—that is, the shaft by which the air which has entered the pit by the down-cast shaft returns to the upper regions, after having circulated through the mine; and looking upwards through this air, we could see nothing of the opening of the pit almost immediately after beginning to descend. I suppose the air was so loaded with impurities, coal dust, vitiated vapours, &c., that, seen in quantity, it was as muddy

and impenetrable to light as the river Thames at London Bridge, although on the small scale both appear transparent. Down, down, we went, and presently we became aware of a little drizzling rain. It was the water, which, pouring or trickling from the sides of the shaft, sparked off from every projection. As we went deeper this got worse, and by the time we reached the bottom we were in a heavy shower.

Suddenly we stopped; we had reached the foot of the shaft. We found ourselves in the midst of a group of horses, one of which, a blind old beast, I remember, came knocking up against me and nearly upset me.

Some of us were then furnished with lights. I was one of those that were not. When I say that the lights were all naked and without protection, the reader will see that my visit must have been made a good many years ago. Under the guidance of the foreman we then set off on our tour. The main passage, along which we went at first, was what I imagine would be considered a lofty and spacious gallery, laid with rails. It was comparatively broad, and seemed to my eye about nine or ten feet high. We proceeded along this for, I dare say, a quarter of a mile. By-and-by our leaders turned into an apparently unused side gallery, narrower than the main passage, in which the foreman had something about the ventilation to point out to the owners. Hitherto we had seen no men mining; we had met men with horses drawing trucks, and others going about their occupations, but no men working. We proceeded along this smaller gallery for about 150 yards or so. The place was dirty, sloppy, and wet, and, of course, dark; and feeling no particular interest in what the foreman was desirous of pointing out to the owners, I lagged behind a little. I might have been twenty paces behind the rest of the party, when a sudden light started up among them—I can compare it to nothing but the flash with which lightning is imitated in the theatre. The reader knows (or if he does not know, I shall tell him) that this is done by placing a lighted taper-end between the middle and ring finger of the hand, held out with the palm upwards. Into the palm a quantity of powdered resin is poured, not spread out but piled up around the taper. The resin is then chucked into the air, and is ignited in passing through the flame, which then spreads out like a large mushroom. The whole is over almost instantaneously, and the resemblance to sheet lightning, to those who

do not see the operator or the mushroom, but merely the flash of light, is very perfect. Well, this was exactly what I saw — with a difference. The difference was, that when the light flashed up to the roof and assumed the mushroom shape, it did not disappear like the other. Instead of being extinguished as instantaneously as it arose, it continued extending and spreading out along the roof on every side. My first idea when I saw the light was, that this was some civility on the part of the owners to show off the mysteries of the place to their visitors, as I had seen the Blue-John Mine in Derbyshire, and other stalactitic caves, illuminated by Roman candles and other lights. That idea only lasted for a second. As the light extended, every one rushed panic-stricken from it as fast as they could run. I guessed the truth in a moment, and turned to fly. There was no difficulty in finding my way, the whole place being illuminated. After flying along for some time I looked back; the whole of the gallery where we had been was one body of fire — not a bright lambent blaze, but lurid, reddish volumes of flame rolling on like billows of fiery mist. Their form was like that of the volumes of black smoke which we may see at times issuing out of large factory chimneys, than anything else I can compare it to. My notions of explosions of fire-damp were, that they took place with the rapidity of an explosion of gunpowder. But it was not so in this case, at any rate. I do not mean that it was slow, but that its speed was no greater than that of a man. All those who were at the end of the gallery where it took place did, in point of fact, outrun it. Neither was there any noise or sound of explosion; at least, I noticed none, and if there had been I think I must have observed it, for, all things considered, I was tolerably collected. The report must have taken place at the pit-mouth, as from the mouth of a gun. The fire rolled silently along in great billows of reddish flame, one wave tumbling over another, in quick succession. And a curious and a very beautiful thing was the edges of these billows; they were fringed with sparks of blue flame, dashed off like sparks from a grindstone. Even at that dreadful moment I could not avoid being struck by their beauty.

All this I must have gathered at a glance — in an instant of time. In front of the billowy mass of fire rolling on towards me I saw the dark figures of my companions tearing along at headlong speed. Then turning, I again dashed on. When I came to the loftier main passage I heard a voice

behind me cry out, "Down on your face!" and by-and-by one figure after another sprang past me and dashed themselves headlong on the ground. I can liken the reckless, frantic way in which it was done, to nothing but boys, when bathing, taking "headers" into a stream. Without reasoning about it I followed suit, and flung myself into a puddle, and then peering backwards under my arm, waited the approach of the sea of flame, the wall of fire, which was approaching. It had not yet come out of the side gallery, but the glare of its light preceded it. Presently it rolled into sight, filling the whole mouth of the side gallery, from top to bottom. Had it overtaken us in it, not a soul would have escaped alive; but when it entered the larger gallery it lifted, just as one sees a mist lifting on the mountains, and then rolled along the roof, passing over our heads. How much space there was between us and it, I cannot say; I imagine it filled the upper two-thirds, leaving a space of perhaps two or three feet free from flame. Nor can I well say how long we lay below this fiery furnace; it might have been five minutes or a quarter of an hour. Judging from our sensations it must have been hours, but we did not experience so great heat as I should have expected. We felt it more afterwards; probably the anxiety of the moment made us insensible to its intensity.

After the lapse of some time the volume of fire above began to diminish, the stratum got thinner and thinner; it eddied, and curled, and streamed about, leaving the more prominent parts of the roof exposed like islands; then it wandered about like fiery serpents and tongues of flame, licking a corner here, or flickering about a stone there, but ever moving towards the shaft. As it thus abated, presently one head was raised from the ground, then another, until we all began to get up. We then gathered together, but there were no mutual congratulations, nor external acknowledgment of thanks to God, however much some may have felt. But I doubt if there was much feeling of that kind, the sense of peril was yet too strong; we had escaped one great danger, but we knew that we were still exposed to the risk of many others which often followed such explosions. The first danger was want of air; the fire had used what was in the mine almost wholly up, and we might perish from want of it. "Follow me," said the foreman, and he started off, not for the mouth of the mine, but for some part of it which, from its connections or position, he knew to be better, or more likely to be sup-



plied with air than any other part. The miners knew this too, doubtless, for on our arrival at the place in question, we found them trooping in from different quarters, until there might be above a hundred present; and I was much struck by one thing in them which was not according to my anticipations. I thought that men who were habitually exposed to any danger became callous to it, and faced it with indifference. It was not so with these miners; we, who scarcely understood the magnitude of the danger through which we had passed, were far cooler and more collected than they. Almost every one of them was thoroughly unmann'd, and shook in every fibre. I know the ague well (*experientia docet*), and the uncontrollable shaking which bids defiance to the strongest exercise of the will, but I never saw a worse tremor in ague than in these men. While gathered together in this part of the mine a loud crack ran through the roof above our heads, which so alarmed the already nerveless miners that some of them actually sunk upon the ground. The explanation of this anomaly in men's courage is, I think, that where they see their danger, and can exert themselves to ward it off or escape it, familiarity with it will produce contempt for it; but where they are utterly helpless, and know that they are so, familiarity with it only adds to its terrors. This is the case with earthquakes. No familiarity with them enables a man to meet them with composure; the more he has felt, the more frightened he becomes. I remember seeing another instance of the same kind on board the *Tyne*, when she was wrecked on the rocks at St. Alban's Head. The sailors on deck were as cool as cucumbers, but the stokers and firemen below were unmanned exactly in the same way as the miners at West B —. They could not see their death, and they could do nothing to save themselves if the ship had foundered.

After waiting a considerable time in this part of the mine — perhaps an hour — we again started, and made for the mouth of the pit. As we approached it we heard shouts, and presently came upon a body of men, who, having heard the explosion, had been sent down to see what mischief had been done. Although the explosion had travelled so deliberately when it passed over us, it had had sufficient violence when it reached the shaft to blow the roof of the building adjoining the pit-mouth clean off. Fortunately, it had not destroyed the gear there, and we were able to ascend without delay. Right glad was I to find myself once

more in the open air. The explosion had drawn a crowd of agitated men and women to the mouth of the mine. Alas! the meaning of the dull report, and the cloud of smoke, and the fragments of the building at the pit-mouth flying in the air, were too well known in the neighbourhood, and many an anxious heart found relief in a burst of tears when we were able to announce, on our appearance at the surface, that no lives had been lost. We escaped with almost miraculously slight injury for men who had gone through an explosion of fire-damp. I saw one man, who had got a lick from the flame, having his shoulder treated with oil, or some such application, but that was the only casualty that came under my notice.

I have never been down a coal-pit since.

ANDREW MURRAY.

From the Examiner, 18th May.

#### RUSSIA.

THE Luxemburg hitch has been got over, but it unfortunately has displayed to the world how much of jealousy and mistrust is between France and Prussia. Before the Luxemburg quarrel it might all be denied, and was denied. The Prussian monarch or Government has never hitherto been in a position to defy or provoke France. The attitude is new, therefore; and the feeling which it excites is felt not only in the breast of the Emperor, but in that of every Frenchman.

Bismarck and Napoleon the Third are, however, wary politicians. Each is a man to consider and prepare before he strikes. Besides, Bismarck's hand is held back by that of his sovereign, who is far more timid, more doubtful of the future, and unwilling to risk his crown in another venture. It does not, indeed, require any great degree of prudence to be unwilling to enter upon such a contest single-handed. Prussia would not do so last year, and has reason to congratulate herself on the alliance she formed. But where is the ally now? Bismarck is said to have made a pressing overture to Austria. "Fight in your alliance!" answered von Beust. "We did so in Slesvig, and what was our reward? You turned upon us the moment after."

We believe that there is but one ally possible for either party, and that is Russia. The Czar has thus the fortunes of Europe, and the fate of future wars in his hands.

He is coming through Berlin to Paris, and no doubt will receive the offers and explanations of both sides.

For the next year, then, much, in all probability, depends upon the conduct and desires of the Russian Cabinet. Alexander's own character is soft and vacillating, and would, no doubt, incline him to remain friends with both parties. But this is an impossible policy. Russia would gain nothing by it, and would risk the loss of much. For an alliance she can command almost her own terms from either party. And these terms may be little less than the empire of the Levant.

It would be idle to enter into particulars, or attempt to foreshadow what Prussia or what France might give to Russia as the price of her alliance and co-operation. Equally idle would it be to pretend to decide into which balance Russia would definitively throw her sword. All this is for the future. But certain it seems, that the peace of Europe for the next few years depends in no slight degree upon the Czar. The prudent French Emperor is not a prince to precipitate war without a powerful alliance. The King of Prussia, though not so prudent or so completely master of his actions, still holds by the same principle. He never gave in fully to Bismarck until the latter brought him the Italian alliance.

In the situation of rivalry into which France and Prussia have been brought, it is not alone to foreign alliances that they must look. Were the war between them to be immediate, these foreign alliances would be everything. But towards a more remote war, each Government has to seek strength at home. Strength of what sort? Napoleon the Third certainly sits heavy on the liberal aspirations of Frenchmen, and though the discontent will probably never break out against him personally, yet he is not immortal; still less so is his system.

Whilst the Prussians rejoice at this crevice in French armour, the French regard with no less hope the wide splits in the German panoply. From north to south the land is full of disaffection towards Prussia; and if southern States and populations have abetted in the quarrel just ended, it was more with the hope of recovering their own power and independence in the struggle than from the patriotic desire to make Germany triumph over France. Peasants and gentry, from the Rhine to the Vistula, abhor the Prussian government. Taxes are doubled, military service and oppression ditto. The Customs union, for the present in pieces, will not be put together again with-

out being made fiscally profitable to the ruling country. Prussia, in fact, has, by distrust of a liberal domestic policy, made as many foes and grievances as friends or causes of attachment; and it is still a problem how far united Germany would support Berlin in a lengthened war against France. The French, therefore, gather hope from time, as the Prussians do.

From the Saturday Review.

#### MADAME RECAMIER.\*

IN France, where the influence of women has always been exceptionally great, whether as regards the manners, the literature or the politics of any epoch, the *salon* has at all times had a place approaching that of a national institution. Be it by dint of intellect, wit, skill and vivacity in intrigue, or even sheer beauty of person, it is hard to name a period on which some female leader of society or other has failed to set her mark. With all its changes, the Revolution could only so far modify this traditional feature of French life as to open the doors of the *salon* to queens of another order. Nor did the women of the new era fall short of the occasion. In the freer play of intellect and action that followed upon the relaxation of etiquette, there was even much to make up for any loss in the more stilted or aristocratic graces of the *vieille cour*. The brief but bright career of Madame Roland was followed by the still more transient yet brilliant sway of Madame Tallien. The interval between the setting of the star of Notre Dame de Thermidor and the glittering dawn of the Empire was lit by the genius of Madame de Staël, whose enforced eclipse left in turn the firmament of Parisian Society open to the ascendancy of her friend and pupil, Madame Récamier. If there was any degeneracy to be detected in the long line of female sovereignty it was in superficial splendour only that the falling off was to be seen. The courtly but prudish graces of the Hotel de Rambouillet, the select gatherings of the little court at Sceux, and the lively coteries of the Marchioness du Defand were not unworthily represented in the quiet and unadorned parlour of the Abbaye aux Bois.

With nothing like the talents which im-

\* *Memoirs of Madame Récamier*. Translated from the French and Edited by Isaphine M. Luyster. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

mortalized the author of *Corinne*, Madame Récamier won herself a place of not less social influence among the men and women of her day. It is to no special gift of intellect or talent for intrigue that we are able to trace this ascendancy. The most direct and common test of intellectual power is indeed, in her case, wholly lacking. No pressure of her friends and admirers could ever prevail upon her to publish a line. Whatever impulse she might be capable of giving to the thoughts of others, a kind of constitutional reluctance restrained her from making public her own. Her friends speak in raptures of her letters, but she herself, it appears, was at pains to get them back towards the end of her life, and left orders to burn, after her death, the packet which contained them together with certain fragmentary memoirs which she had begun to put together in her half blind state. Of all her correspondence, which was known to be voluminous, no more than a bare half-dozen scraps find a place in the biography which we owe to her niece, Madame Lenormant. Ballanche, who addressed her as the muse who inspired his utterances, so far worked upon her at one time as to engage her upon a translation of Petrarch, but we do not find that she ever made any great way with it. It is surprising, indeed, how little echo has come down to us of the wit and wisdom that held her contemporaries entranced. Not an epigram of hers, scarcely a *mot* or a sally of humour or imagination from her lips, has been preserved to us. Men of the highest mark for energy and discrimination of mind held converse with her as with an oracle, yet they have put nothing on record beyond a vague and general acknowledgment of her intellect. It was not her beauty either, by itself, that lent this singular power of fascination to all that she said, for that power remained unimpaired long after she became conscious, as she used to say, that the little Savoyards no longer turned back in the streets to look at her. Nor would such elements of attraction have gone for much with her own sex; yet we know how women—clever women too—bowed to her autocracy without betraying a suspicion that anything illusory lay at the bottom of what passed for a quality of the mind. If wealth and social position, again, went any way toward establishing her early prestige, we cannot forget that her weight in society was to the full as great long after riches had made themselves wings and flown away. We must clearly look elsewhere than either to intellect, wealth, beauty, or all three combined, for the secret of that witchery which was so distinctive of Mad-

ame Récamier. From all that we learn of her, it is plain that the flame of her genius was calm and steady rather than intense. It drew its heat and light far more from the heart than from the head. And her warmth of heart was of a nature to kindle rather than to consume. There was something, we are led to infer, in her constitutional temperament which, even beyond her delicate and indefinable tact, may afford the real clue to much of her mysterious ascendancy. Love seems to have existed in her as a yearning of the soul almost entirely free from those elements of passion which are grounded in the difference of the sexes. There was in it not so much of the desire which centres in a single object, as of the emotion which seeks to diffuse itself over the very widest sphere of objects. It could thus be warm and deep, while pure and inaccessible to evil. Sainte-Beuve's remark, that she had carried the art of friendship to perfection, helps us here to give the true key to her character. A warm and constant friend, she never admitted, never showed herself, a lover. Satisfied with the arrangement which gave her from an early age nothing more than the name and status of a wife, she could let her natural affection range with freedom and security wherever it met with a response that left intact her dignity and self-respect. Such coquetry as she showed rose rather from an instinctive desire to please and attract than from anything approaching to a vicious instinct, or a silly desire to swell the list of her conquests. What seemed to begin in flirtation never went to the point of danger, and men who at first sight loved her passionately usually ended by becoming her true friends. The nearest approach ever made by her towards a love affair was the short and romantic passage in her life when the ardent admiration of Prince Augustus of Prussia seemed to have aroused a responsive flame. But even this faint passion died away before the pathetic appeal of her husband. The child-wife could not find it in her to break off, when age and adversity had settled upon him, the platonic ties of an earlier and more prosperous day. She at once withdrew the application for a divorce. Madame Lenormant's statement of this delicate matter is such as decisively to set aside the singular supposition entertained by some that Juliette Bernard was the daughter of M. Récamier. The relation between the pair was, however, in other respects, parental and filial rather than conjugal. The banker was forty-two, and his beautiful bride but fifteen, when their marriage took place in 1793. It was not

till the break-up of the Reign of Terror that society awoke to the recognition of its new queen and goddess. At eighteen she emerged from childhood into all the splendour of youth. Her beauty became the talk of Paris. Her saloons, the abode of wealth and taste, and lit with her charms and wit, were the centre of the fashionable world. A graphic account of the splendours and the personages assembled there is given by Miss Berry. The Duke de Guignes, Adrien and Matthieu De Montmorency, M. de Narbonne, Madame de Staël, Camille Jordan, and others who had returned from exile, met with Barrière, Eugène Beubarnais, Fouché, Bernadotte, Masséna, Moreau, M. de la Harpe, and all rising actors of the new *régime*. Lucien Buonaparte — first as Romeo, then openly under his own name — made fierce love to the beautiful but unimpressible Juliette. The First Consul she met but twice, and whatever admiration her beauty may have inspired in him seems to have been lost in jealousy of her influence. Napoleon was weak enough to give out publicly, in the *salon* of Josephine, that he should regard as his personal enemy any foreigner who frequented the house of Madame Récamier. She was, however, successful in obtaining from him, partly through Bernadotte, her father's release, when M. Bernard was compromised in the Vendéan conspiracy. One of the fragments we have from Madame Récamier's own pen gives touching instances of her sympathy and active share in the trial of Moreau, Polignac, and George Cadoudal. In spite, however, of Napoleon's anger at her opposition, he certainly made overtures through Fouché, in the year 1805, with the view of attaching Madame Récamier to the Imperial household. Her refusal was never forgiven by him, and no doubt added weight to the motives which led, in 1811, to the decree for her exile beyond forty leagues from Paris. With the other members of the Buonaparte family she contracted a close and romantic friendship. Hortense, in every trouble and perplexity, found refuge in her sympathy and her counsels. Caroline, Madame Murat, gave her, when in exile, the warmest welcome at Naples, and a letter of the widowed queen which forms part of the present memoir speaks of the tender affection which subsisted between these two women. When in England, the beautiful Frenchwoman received the most flattering attentions from the Prince of Wales and the highest English aristocracy, as well as from the exiled Duke of Orleans and his brothers the Princes of Beaujolais and Montpensier. By the populace she was actually mobbed, like

the beautiful Gummings in Kensington gardens. The enthusiasm of Madame de Staël for the Duke of Wellington was far from being shared by Madame Récamier. If we can believe that the Duke said to her, on calling at her house the day after Waterloo, "I have given him a good beating," we may understand that dislike of Napoleon failed to qualify the disgust of a loyal Frenchwoman. Her door was thenceforth closed against the Duke's awkward overtures. A couple of notes from the hero speak more of his appreciation of female charms than of his mastery either of the language of France or of that of ordinary gallantry.

It was at the bedside of Madame de Staël that Madame Récamier made the acquaintance of Chateaubriand, and between this variously gifted pair grew up that romantic friendship which gave its chief tone to the subsequent life of each. Her friends at first trembled for her peace of mind from the contact with so tumultuous a nature. But the serene integrity and self-control of Madame Récamier became, on the contrary, the means of purifying and chastening the passionate and disordered soul of the poet. Idolized by his contemporaries, and spoiled especially by enthusiastic women, Chateaubriand had become enamoured of himself. He had sunk, like Byron, into a morbid melancholy. To dispel the clouds that obscured his genius became the mission of Madame Récamier. And the change in his temper is soon made apparent, even from the tone of his correspondence. His self-absorption is less conspicuous. His irritability is soothed. He is telling the simple truth when he writes to his devoted friend, "You have transformed my nature." From that crisis in his life the memoirs of Madame Récamier do little more than follow the vicissitudes and struggles of Chateaubriand's career. In her retreat at the Abbaye aux Bois it was for him that she toiled to keep up her hold upon society, bringing together every lion of the literary or political world, at once to do him homage and to dispel his *ennui*. Thither came all the young intellects of the Restoration and the monarchy of July — Benjamin Constant, Thierry, David d'Angers, Delacroix, the Ampères father and son, Pasquier, Cousin, Villemain, Montalembert. Lamartine read there his *Méditations*, and Delphine Gay recited her first verses. Sir Humphrey Davy and his wife, Maria Edgeworth, Mary Berry, and Alexander Humboldt are among those who have left memorials of their visits. It was there that, in the summer of 1829, a brilliant assemblage heard the presiding genius read

his tragedy of *Moses*. In her journeys in search of health, the first thought of Madame Récamier was how to take him with her. When that was impossible she pined with solitude on his behalf, while her shortest absence filled him with despair. Even his wife's first eager question was, "What will be done then? What is to become of M. de Chateaubriand?" As years run on, there begins to be even something of the ludicrous in this couple of old folks alternately cosseting and complimenting each other. We almost forget the minor satellites who circled round the central glow of Madame Récamier's friendship. Poor Ballanche himself — her faithful shadow, the "hierophant," as Chateaubriand patronizingly called him, of the little sect that gathered round her altar — seems to shrink into nothingness; while we have so long lost sight of M. Récamier that we scarcely become sensible of the fact of his death till the decease of Madame de Chateaubriand leaves the poet free to offer his hand to the idol of his heart. "But why should we marry?" was the sensible reply of Madame Récamier, who probably felt the ridicule that might attach to such an union. There was no impropriety in her taking care of him. Years, and the blindness that had of late been stealing over her, seemed to confer that right. For his sake indeed she twice submitted, though uselessly, to an operation for the recovery of her sight. At his bedside, on the 4th of July, 1848, her anguish was intensified by the thought that she could not see his dying looks. In losing him the mainspring of her life was gone. She could still speak of him as but momentarily absent, and at the daily hour of his visits, her niece tells us, she would still tremble with the sense of his presence. The friends were but a few months divided. The cholera, of which she had a perpetual dread, carried her off, after a short but severe struggle, on the 11th of May, 1849. All Madame Récamier's beauty, strange to say, returned after death. There were no traces of suffering — no wrinkles, or signs of age, to mar her features. Her expression was grave and angelic. She looked like a beautiful statue. The grace and sweetness of her last sleep seemed to be the ineffaceable impress of that spirit of tenderness and love which during life had acted like a talisman upon every heart.

There is not much in the scanty and fragmentary memoirs compiled by her niece, to let us into the secret workings of Madame Récamier's mind and character. In that respect we owe perhaps more to the recol-

lections afforded us by an intimate friend — an Englishwoman, Madame Möhl; beside the copious notices in the *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*, and the suggestive and touching sketch which forms one of the series of *Causeries de Lundi* by her friend M. Sainte-Beuve. Guizot, Lemoine, Madame d'Hautefeuille, and others who knew her well have contributed many traits of character. But the work of Madame Lenormant is fuller of details, and gives the most complete narrative of Madame Récamier's career. The original work itself was indeed faulty in execution, the arrangement of materials confused, and the style in places rambling and obscure. In presenting it in an English dress, primarily for the sake of the American public, Mrs. Luyster has done well in rendering it more methodical and compact, without interfering with its integrity or with the individuality of its authorship.

## BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

## I. — SHADE IN LIGHT.

LIGHT! emblem of all good and joy!

Shade! emblem of all ill!

And yet in this strange mingled life

We need the shadow still.

A lamp with softly shaded light,

To soothe and spare the tender sight,

Will only throw

A brighter glow

Upon our books and work below.

We could not bear unchanging day,

However fair its light.

Ere long the wearied eye would hail,

As boon untold, the evening pale,

The solace of the night.

And who would prize our summer glow,

If winter gloom they did not know?

Or rightly praise

The glad spring rays,

Who never saw our rainy days?

How grateful in Arabian plain

Of white and sparkling sand,

The shadow of a mighty rock

Across the weary land.

And where the tropic glories rise,

Responsive to the fiery skies,

We could not dare

To meet the glare,

Or blindness were our bitter share.

Where is the soul, so meek and pure, |

Who through his earthly days

Life's fullest sunshine could endure,

In clear and cloudless blaze?



The sympathetic eye would dim,  
And others pine unmarked by him,  
Were no chill shade  
Around him laid,  
And light of joy could never fade.

He, who the light-commanding word  
First spake and formed the eye,  
Knows what that wondrous eye can bear,  
And tempers with providing care,  
By cloud and night, all hurtful glare,  
By shadows ever nigh.  
So, in all wise and loving ways,  
He blends the darkenings of our days,  
To win our sight  
From scenes of night,  
To seek the True and Only Light.

We need some shadow o'er our bliss,  
Lest we forget the Giver :  
So, often in our deepest joy,  
There comes a solemn quiver ;  
We could not tell from whence it came,  
The subtle cause we cannot name ;  
Its twilight fall  
May well recall  
Calm thought of Him who gave us all.

There are, who all undazzled tread  
Awhile the sunniest plain ;  
But they have sought the blessed shade,  
By One great Rock of Ages made,  
A sure, safe rest to gain.  
Unshaded light of earth soon blinds  
To light of heaven sincerest minds :  
Oh, envy not  
A cloudless lot !  
We ask, indeed, we know not what.

So is it here, so is it now !  
Not always will it be !  
There is a land that needs no shade,  
A morn will rise which cannot fade,  
And we, like flame-robed angels made,  
That glory soon may see.  
No cloud upon its radiant joy,  
No shadow o'er its bright employ,  
No sleep, no night,  
But perfect sight,  
The Lord our Everlasting Light.

## II. — LIGHT IN SHADE.

"THERE is no rose without a thorn !"  
Who has not found it true,  
And known that griefs of gladness born  
Our footsteps still pursue ;

That in the grandest harmony  
The strangest discords rise ;  
The brightest bow we only see  
Upon the darkest skies ?

No thornless rose ! So, more and more,  
Our pleasant hopes are laid,  
Where waves this sable legend o'er  
A still sepulchral shade.

But Faith and Love, with angel-might,  
Break up Life's dismal tomb,  
Transmuting into golden light  
The words of leaden gloom.

Reversing all this funeral pall,  
White raiment they disclose,  
Their happy song floats full and long :  
"No thorn without a rose !"

"No shadow, but its sister light  
Not far away must burn ;  
No weary night, but morning bright  
Shall follow in its turn.

"No chilly snow, but safe below  
A million buds are sleeping ;  
No wintry days, but fair spring rays  
Are swiftly onward sweeping.

"No burning glare of summer air,  
But fullest is the shade ;  
And ruddy fruit bends every shoot,  
Because the blossoms fade.

"No note of sorrow, but shall melt  
In sweetest chord unguessed ;  
No labour, all too pressing felt,  
But ends in quiet rest.

"No sigh, but from the harps above  
Soft echoing tones shall win ;  
No heart-wound, but the Lord of Love  
Shall pour His comfort in.

"No withering hopes, while loving best  
Thy Father's chosen way ;  
No anxious care, for He will bear  
Thy burdens every day.

"Thy claim to rest on Jesu's breast  
All weariness shall be ;  
And pain thy portal to his heart  
Of wondrous sympathy.

"No conflict, but the King's own hand  
Shall end the glorious strife ;  
No death, but leads thee to the land  
Of everlasting life."

Sweet seraph voices, Faith and Love !  
Sing on within our hearts  
This strain of music from above,  
Till we have learnt our parts :

Until we see your alchemy  
On all that years disclose,  
And, taught by you, still find it true,  
"No thorn without a rose."